

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

August Magazine Number



Winnipeg, Man.

August 5, 1925



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Some Practical Wisdom

Things farm homemakers have found out

Behind the stove I hang a discarded nose-net used for horses, and put in it the broken dishes, bits of wire, tin, glass, etc., that always accumulate. It not only saves running out to dispose of such things, but they are out of the way of children.—M. N.

After picking over berries or small fruits, wash the hands in clear water. Soap sets the stains, especially those from blue or red fruits.—G. W. W.

To keep cream sweet is often a problem on the farm if you have no ice nor a good cellar. I have found a thermos flask a fine thing for the purpose. Nearly every family can get cold water once a day from the pump, well or spring, so fill your thermos with the cold water and set the cream jug in it too, for a few minutes. Then in about 10 minutes pour out the water from the thermos and put in the cream. Set it in the coolest place you have. By following this method you will always have sweet cream in the house, even until the end of the second day. If you wish to take fresh fruit or jelly to a picnic, this is the way to manage the cream. I paid 89 cents for a pint thermos two years ago, and have used it summer and winter ever since.—Mrs. M. W. F.

Lighting the fire without kindling is a pet habit of mine. Corn cobs soaked in coal oil are a good substitute, and so is rolled newspaper. Single out the sheets and roll them up loosely like a walking-stick. Then roll them around your hand and bring the two ends up in the middle through the hole. Make about eight of these circles and place them in the cleared out fire-box. Put a match to them and with a gloved hand place on top a dozen or so nice little lumps of coal. Let this burn till the coals are lighted and then shovel on enough coal to make breakfast. Should it fail to light through an insufficiency of paper or any other cause, add paper from underneath in the ash-pan, as the coal or paper must not be disturbed.—B. G. T.

Many mothers think there is only one way to put a diaper on a baby. After a child is four or five months old the best way to fold the diaper is in an oblong shape. Use four safety pins, one at each side of the waist and one at each side of the knee. Not only is it neater but it is more comfortable for the baby, especially when learning to walk.—Mrs. W. L. D.

A few coat-hangers, when camping, are just as necessary as at home. Needing one for a dress. I took a roll of newspapers long enough to fit the shoulders, and tied it in the middle with string. If you use plenty you will have two ends left for tying the hanger on to the limb of a tree. On the next camping trip I took several of these hangers made in graduated sizes, so that the rolls would fit inside each other. It is a good plan to wind passe partout binding around the rolls, first dampening the tape so that it will stick.—C. M. M.

An oil-stove oven placed on the reservoir or shelf of the range is a fine place for the bread pans when the loaves are rising. The dough is free from draughts and dust, and no crust forms on top. Of course they should not be allowed to get too warm, or unpleasant flavors will develop.—Mrs. F. J. S.

To save heat, I bake tea-biscuits on top of the range. Mix the dough as usual and roll into a round. Cut across the centre lengthwise and crosswise, making four three-cornered pieces. Cook on a greased frying-pan or skillet on top of the stove. When they rise nicely turn the scones and bake the other side. It is not necessary to have nearly so much heat as when the oven is used. Of course these biscuits are better if not too thick for the centre to be well cooked. By adding sugar and raisins you can make sweet scones.—Thrift.



The Right Way to Boil Potatoes

Put the potatoes in an SMP Enamel Pot. Cover with water. Add salt to taste. Boil until soft. When finished, drain off *all* the boiling water through the strainer spout. No danger of steam scalding the hands because the handle securely locks the cover on. If your family uses potatoes, you require one of these.

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THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

August Magazine Number

GEORGE F CHIPMAN, Editor and Manager

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On sweltering August days the tinkle of ice in a drinking-glass sounds unusually melodious, and when the mercury climbs high the contents of a freezer never fail to be popular. At such times we are grateful for the cooling properties of ice, and realize more fully that it is an indispensable commodity without which the transportation of many products of the farm would prove impossible, without which the health of many city dwellers would be seriously impaired. Yet we seldom give more than a passing thought to where, when and by what means the crystal substance is gathered and stored.

The annual ice crop in Western Canada is unusual in more than one way—it never fails, it demands neither sowing nor cultivating, and it yields a harvest reaped in mid-winter that is yearly growing in importance and in value. Special implements and tools, some of them extremely ingenious, have been devised for cutting ice, while modern methods are applied to the several operations necessary for its transportation and storage.

From the Bow River, at Banff, in the Canadian Rockies, an enormous quantity of ice is obtained. There, the long placid reaches, during summer alive with pleasure craft, are in winter sheeted with ice full forty inches thick—ice that for purity cannot be excelled, and for quality can hardly be equalled. One Canadian corporation alone secures annually 20,000 tons from this field. It is a swift harvest, over in a few weeks, but the entire process from river course to railroad car is full of interest, even if the weather is unusually frigid.

In late December preparatory work leading up to actual harvesting is begun. A thorough inspection of the ice-field is

HARVESTING IN JANUARY



A cooling crop that brings relief during the dog days. Cutting ice at Banff, Alta.

made by health officers, who, if finding conditions satisfactory, issue a permit to cut for domestic use or for refrigeration only, as the case may be. The snow is then cleared from the ice surface, and a long narrow bench or platform is erected for the reception of the blocks. Later on the sleighs are loaded from this. As soon as the ice has thickened sufficiently to permit economical handling, cutting commences—usually in January, if the season is normal. Should the surface prove rough and uneven, the ice is smoothed by

means of a highly-efficient motor planer. This operation is essential to close packing when the cakes are placed in storage. Behind the planer comes the marker, a saw-toothed motor-driven plow, which traces a tessellated pattern on the pavement of blue-green ice as a guide for the noisy, fussy buzz-saw that follows to complete the cut. Formerly the blocks were sawn out by hand, a laborious task; but now the cutting is done entirely by a swiftly rotating circular saw attached to an automobile engine on steel runners. This does the work in an expeditious manner.

From a sloping runway at the upstream end of the loading bench a narrow channel is cut, into which the ice cakes are guided by men wielding long pike-poles. From there the dripping cargoes are hauled by horses aboard a bench, where they are trimmed before being taken on sleighs to the railroad cars. In such a manner is the January crop harvested. By this important service are we assured of sodas, and sundaes, and cooling draughts of ice-water when the mid-summer sun beats fiercely upon city and country alike, when the common task is burdensome and when our need is great.—Dan McCowan.

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DIFFICULTIES WITH STATIC

Greater in summer—Some ways of decreasing disagreeable effects

By M. V. CHESTNUT

RADIO fans have often asked why it would not be possible to build radio receiving sets of such sensitiveness that signals from European broadcasting stations could be heard consistently. They reason this way: "A two-tube set is better than a one-tube set. A four-tube set is more sensitive than a three-tube set. Why not add tubes until the desired range is covered?" They forget Old Man Static.

Static is always present in our modern radio receivers, sometimes weak and inaudible; sometimes sounding like the subdued roar of surf. Particularly on a sultry summer night when storms are brewing, static sounds like nothing less than an ash-can rolling down a flight of stairs. In tropical countries it is so severe at certain seasons, and so wearing to the nerves of the radio listener that one company, employing several hundred radio operators, has established a rest camp, where operators may recover from the nervous disorders caused by the continuous roaring of static in the headphones.

As static is always present in a radio receiver, one can readily understand that if a radio program is weaker than the static, and as one cannot amplify the desired signal without also amplifying the static disturbances, poor reception will result, regardless of the number of tubes used or the sensitiveness of the receiving instruments.

Manifest in Many Ways

Static manifests itself in many more ways than as an unpleasant noise in a radio set. When Benjamin Franklin drew sparks from his kite string, it was static jumping the gap in its effort to reach the earth. During dust storms and when very wet snow is falling this effect may be noted if the radio aerial is not grounded. Sparking will take place between the plates of the series tuning condenser, and may damage a radio set unless the aerial is grounded or equipped with a lightning arrestor. Lightning is static at its worst, and the sparks from a cat's back when stroked, is static in its mildest form.

Science has taken great strides toward the goal of the static-less radio receiver, but practically every form of anti-static device is useful only for code reception. The static eliminators used in large commercial radio stations all operate on a very simple principle, that of the acoustic filter. Take an empty milk bottle and sing into its mouth. Sing up and down the musical scale, and you will notice that one particular note is greatly amplified while all other notes are perceptibly deadened. That is because the column of air in the milk bottle is in resonance with that note. If a little water is poured into the milk bottle, the musical note to which it responds is higher on the scale. Thus we have a simple acoustic filter. If we drill a hole in the side of the milk bottle near the mouth, large enough for the tube of a doctor's stethoscope to fit snugly, and invert one earpiece of a radio headset over the mouth, we have a static eliminator

equal to the best. The code station we wish to receive transmits a high-pitched note, and water is added to that in the milk bottle until the column of air in the bottle is resonant with the transmitter's note. This note, being high on the musical scale, is passed readily into the stethoscope, while the lower-pitched static is deadened to such an extent as to become negligible.



No static today!

A Filter System

This filter system works very efficiently for the reception of code messages, but when applied to a broadcast program the effect is weird, to say the least. The high notes of the flutes, violins and sopranos are heard and over-emphasized, but the lower notes are practically inaudible. As it is the highest ambition of the headset and loud-speaker manufacturers to produce an article which will respond equally to high and low notes, it can readily

be seen that our improvised filter is useless for concert reception, as it nullifies the very qualities most desirable. Perhaps some day a static eliminator will be devised for concert reception, but it presents a difficult problem, as static differs from transmitted radio waves only on two points. It is rather lower in pitch than musical notes, and its waves travel up and down rather than across the surface of the earth, as do true radio waves.

Keeping this second point in mind, there are certain steps we can take to improve summer radio reception. Shorten the aerial to about 40 feet, not including the lead-in wires, thus exposing less of the pick-up system to the action of the vertical static waves. True, this will decrease the signal strength, but not nearly to the same extent as it does the static disturbances. If the receiving set is sufficiently sensitive, an indoor aerial consisting of two or three turns of wire around the room on the picture moulding will increase the ratio of signal to static strength to a remarkable extent, as the directional effect of the loop is working against all vertical waves. A good lightning arrestor will muffle severe static to some extent, and no outdoor aerial should be without one, if only for the sake of complying with the Fire Underwriter's regulations. It is not generally known that insurance may be forfeited if the aerial is unprotected and without a lightning arrestor.

Studying By Wireless

An outgrowth of the popular radio lectures given by agricultural college experts is the radio extension course. This was tried out in the state of Kansas recently. The idea was not to parallel the regular program of studies in the college of agriculture, but to give practical every-day information about the business of farm and home. An outline of courses was sent to owners of radio sets who were asked to indicate which subjects they wished to study. A printed copy of each lecture was mailed to all enrolled students the day after broadcasting. On the completion of a course examination questions were sent out and certificates were later mailed to successful students.

STIRRING UP EBENEZER

By ROBERT WINGATE

JONAS was happy on that April afternoon. The pussy-willows by the old wooden-bridge over the brook were scattering gold from their blossoms, violets were blooming in the grass by the roadside, and the maple leaves were just the size of mouse-ears. He could identify the voices of half a dozen of the feathered songsters of the tree-tops, and could name, almost as surely, the various perfumes which made up the mingled fragrance of the breeze. The old mare plodded slowly along the sandy roadbed; and Jonas, comfortably perched on a high spring seat of the battered, sprung-kneed express wagon, made no effort to hurry her progress. The sky was clear and his burdens were lightening. There were days enough for hurry and worry, and old Dolly would have her share of them.

In a wild apple-tree just ahead, a bluebird carolled and trilled; and Jonas himself softly hummed the words of the only romantic song he knew:

"Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?"

Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?"

Emily Williams used to sing that years ago—before she married Billy Stone; and Jonas thought it the most beautiful music ever written. During the intervening years he had not sung "Billy Boy," and rarely any other song except some of the hymns at church, and now he wondered that the words and tune came to mind so easily.

Emily had lived all the while on the Stone place which joined his rocky, hilly ten acres. Rumor had it that Billy Stone had not been an altogether satisfactory husband. He had ceased to be Charming Billy after two or three years, and had developed a stronger liking for hard cider than for hard work. A year ago last winter he had had a fatal fall on the ice, and since that time the widow and her fourteen-year-old son, Jimmy, had managed the place.

Jonas Bird's high spirits had other sources than the beauty of the day and the songs of the birds. He was older, and wiser, than the long-legged, bashful youth who had so easily been bested in the contest for Emily's favor by the dashing and impudent Billy Stone, with his pretty little trotting mare and red-wheeled buggy, and his air of knowing the world. Jonas had never sought the company of girls; they scared him somehow. When he was trying to talk with them he always felt that his hands and feet were unreasonably big; while the thought of possessing Emily herself had always seemed what indeed it proved—too good to be true.

Just once he had persuaded her to go riding with him. It was right at this time of year. The moonlight on the new leaves, the velvet-blue sky and the wonderful presence of Emily had entranced him. He had not spoken more than two or three times during the evening; and by nine o'clock Emily had complained of being cold, so they turned the horse's head homeward. Three weeks later he had learned of her engagement to Billy; and the colors of the world all merged into grey. Success and failure had become matters of indifference.

He had settled down on his mother's little farm to wring a reluctant living from the stony acres. Five years ago this spring his mother had died. It had taken a good deal of the money he had been able to get together to pay her modest funeral expenses. In those rocky fields he could never raise corn or potatoes, cattle or hogs enough to leave him much money after the taxes and the grocery bill were paid. Sometimes he had thought of giving the place up and finding a job in town; but

a certain stubbornness in his temperament, an unreasoning affection for his little homestead—and a secret unwillingness to be farther away from Emily Stone—had prevented him from making any move.

During the past two seasons, however, his farming had become a much more hopeful enterprise. He had sold his stock, abandoned the cultivation of some of his small and rocky fields, and had given his time and efforts to the care of poultry and bees. Although far from a bonanza, chickens had proved more profitable on his place than cows or pigs; and now his honey-makers were succeeding far beyond his hopes. Two hundred hives were grouped in the lower orchard; and there on a summer day the air was alive with the humming little workers.

He had paid off a five-hundred-dollar mortgage which had long encumbered the place; and today, after selling the last load of the previous season's honey, had made a deposit in the village bank which brought his claims on that institution up to a nice little figure. If this year proved to be another good honey season, he could shingle the house, buy some new furniture, and, for the first time in his life, would have a home which he need not be ashamed to offer to any woman whom he might ask



"Emily had been quite friendly of late, and they had talked several times for a few minutes over the low stone wall."

to become his wife.

Emily had been quite friendly of late. Once or twice she had happened to be in her orchard when he had been at work in his lower mowing field, and they had talked for five minutes over the low stone wall. Perhaps he would go there sometime of an evening and call on her, wearing his best clothes.

As this dashing and gallant project formed itself in his mind, Jonas felt a return of the selfsame bashful terror that in the old days had so often tangled his tongue and magnified his hands and feet in Emily's presence. "Sho, now!" he said to himself with a grin, "what a fool I am! Still afraid of the girls!"

The old mare mounted a little hill, and Jonas could see in the field at his left his neighbor, Ebenezer Skinner, slowly coming with his plow-team along a broad, smooth furrow through the loamy soil. Jonas drew up and waited. A pleasant idea had occurred to him, and there was no time like the present for carrying it out. Under the seat he had two five-pound jars of honey which had been left over from the half hundred he had taken to town. He had almost decided to stop at the Widow Stone's house, and make her a present of one of them; and now he proposed to give the other to Ebenezer.

He and Ebenezer had not always been on the best of terms, on account of a settled determination on Skinner's part to get the better of every bargain; but now, in the spring sunshine and rejoicing in his new-found optimism, Jonas was feeling well disposed toward the world in general. Ebenezer should have a jar of honey. Jonas thought, smilingly, that he needed it if anyone did. If it sweetened him up at all, it would have served a good purpose.

CHAPTER II

When the horses turned at the end of the furrow, Skinner, seeing Jonas halted in the roadway, stopped them and came toward the wall. He was a wiry, leathery-looking man of fifty or thereabouts, with an iron-grey beard and small, pig-like eyes. His horses had a solid and well-fed appearance, and their harness was in much better condition than the calico shirt and butternut jeans which clothed their owner. This outlying field, like those of his hundred-acre farm half a mile up the road, gave evidence of sound farming methods and was free from rocks and bushes.

honey, haven't you?" he asked, suddenly.

"Why, yes, you might call it so," replied Jonas, still genially, although he was puzzled by the other's manner.

"Sold six or eight hundred dollars' worth this last winter, eh?"

"Yes," returned Jonas, "something like that."

"Well," said Skinner, with an ugly leer, "I guess you're owing me a good deal more than just a five-pound jar of honey."

"How so?" demanded Jonas. "I don't know as I owe you anything."

"You don't, hey? Where'd all that honey come from? Tell me that, will you?"

"Come from? Why! out of my beehives, of course. Did you think I stole it?"

"No, I don't know's I'd put it like that. But I guess your bees stole it."

Look here, Eben. Skinner, will you come right out and say what you're trying to say? I don't know what you're talking about. And I don't owe you a red cent."

"That's right. Pretend you don't know. Where in thunder did those bees of yours git that honey if it wasn't from my farm? You don't raise anything on your place that makes honey. I'll bet three-quarters of it come from my twenty-acre clover field that lays right next to your land."

"Oh! that's the idea, is it? And did you calculate I ought to pay you money for that? I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, you're hearin' it now. That honey come from my farm, and I expect to be paid somethin' for it."

"How much?"

"A hundred dollars."

Jonas threw back his head and laughed. "Say, that's a good one. If it was anyone but you, Eb. Skinner, I'd know it was meant as a joke. But you'd charge a hungry man for smelling your dinner cooking as he went by. Say! That makes me think. There's Miss Gerry, the school teacher, that boards up to Wilson's. She walked by your clover-field every day during school session, and smelt it. You ought to make her pay anyway fifty dollars."

"Laugh, if you want to. You owe me a hundred dollars—and I'll get it some way or another."

"Now, see here, Eben," said Jonas, thoroughly serious again, "you don't want to lay up any such thing as that against me. Why, the bees didn't hurt your clover any. They did it good, if anything, especially if it was being raised for seed."

"I ain't raisin' it for seed. You've got a lot of value out of my clover crop; and I'm a goin' to get it back one way or another, and don't you forget it."

"Well, go to law, if you want to!" blazed Jonas. "Go ahead and bring suit, and make yourself a laughing stock. I've heard of a man that would skin a flea for his hide and tallow—but this thing goes a little beyond that! Go ahead and make a fool of yourself, if you want to." And, violently pulling up the old mare's head from the grass she was cropping near the wheel track, he urged her into a lumbering trot and soon disappeared around a bend of the road.

Another experience awaited Jonas Bird on that sunny afternoon—an experience even more unpleasant than the interview with his thrifty neighbor. As the mare slowly climbed the hill toward the Widow Stone's cottage, a good-looking horse and buggy hove in sight, coming at a smart trot from the opposite direction, and Jonas recognized the driver as John Powell, a substantial widower of fifty, who had lately sold a large farm five miles away, and was said to be negotiating for Simeon Brown's hardware business at Roundtop Village. The buggy stopped before the cottage door, and Powell alighted. Almost immediately the front

Skinner's face, however, far from reflecting the spirit of the day, bore an anxious scowl, and he glanced at the westering sun, as he came forward, as if to note the number of minutes lost by this interruption.

"Afternoon, Ebenezer," said Jonas smilingly. "I've got a little present for you."

"What's that? Honey?" asked Ebenezer doubtfully.

"Yes, my best. I calculated your folks might like some."

Skinner, however, made no motion to accept the offering and his scowl seemed to become deeper than before.

"You've been doin' mighty well on

door opened and Emily came out, wearing a black dress and her best hat, and carrying a green parasol. She bowed cheerily to Jonas as he passed; then Powell helped her into the buggy, and they drove away.

Jonas' heart settled down into his boots. The air no longer glittered with the spring sunshine, and as far as he was concerned the birds had all stopped singing. He hit the old mare a merciless slap with the reins. "Come on," he growled, "let's get home and 'tend to our work. That's the only thing we're sure of in this world. Seems as if folks is afraid we might take jest a little comfort."

CHAPTER III

Three weeks later, Jonas could make out in the orchard next to Skinner's big barn, a row of white beehives, newly erected on solid posts and looking very businesslike. The air overhead was crisscrossed by tiny black lines, and little wavering clouds could be seen around the entrance slits.

"Well, now," he said to himself, "so Ebenezer's going to get some of the honey himself! That's sensible, I must say. A whole lot more sensible than his first proposition. If he wants the honey from that clover field why shouldn't he have his own bees to gather it for him? Why didn't he think of that before?"

"I see Ebenezer Skinner's getting some bees, too," said Emily the next morning, from the other side of the wall that formed their boundary line. She had appeared a short time before, wearing a sunbonnet and buckskin gloves, and had begun pruning her raspberry bushes. Jonas had almost immediately decided that he ought to sink a certain sharp rock that jutted up in his mowing land not far from the line; and he had been working at it busily for five minutes with shovel and bar.

"Yes," responded Jonas, "he's bound to get the good of the honey from that big clover field of his. And, of course, he's got a right to. But did you hear how he tried to charge me a hundred dollars for what my bees got out of there last summer?"

"No. For the land's sake! A hundred dollars! The old skinflint! It actually hurts him to see anybody else getting along. I've a good mind to tell it to Josie Simmons, and she'll publish it in the paper."

"No, I wouldn't do that," said Jonas. "I don't want to stir him up any more. He's pretty hard to get along with, but he is a neighbor, and I don't want him to feel any worse about it than he does already. Probably now that he's got his own bees, he'll sort of forget it."

"He won't forget it if he can possibly scheme out any way to get anything out of you. I know Eben. Skinner of old. You'd better keep your eyes open."

The next Sunday evening Jonas was walking slowly up the road toward the Stone cottage. He was dressed in his best suit, and his boots were gleaming with polish. He carried himself very erect, but no young soldier on his first charge ever experienced more terrifying sensations. Talking over the orchard wall was merely a casual civility between neighbors; but there was no possible doubt of the significance of a Sunday evening call in his best clothes. Ringing the bell and facing Emily when she came to the door would be an ordeal; and what in the world would he say to her after he got into the house? He stopped and sat down on the wall by the roadside, just out of sight of the house, to think this out.

All at once an inspiration came to him. Decoration Day would be a week from Tuesday. He would ask Emily to ride with him; they would make the rounds of the cemeteries and hear the band and the speakers. If she went with him it would be almost the same thing as an announcement of their engagement; he well knew that the whole town would so interpret it. And, if so, what a long way that would carry him along the road that was so beset with difficulties!

He had never really made love to a woman in his life, and when he thought of it his heart beat so that he could almost hear it. Suppose he said something real—real sentimental; something which came somewhere near expressing

what he felt for Emily? Then suppose she laughed at him! She used to be a regular little imp for making fun of people. If she did that, he would just grab his hat and run. But with this Decoration Day plan it was different. Even if she refused, he needn't look like a fool. And perhaps—perhaps she might say she'd be glad to go!

Light-heartedly, he stepped out into the road, and soon was in front of the house. Alas for the dreams of belated youth! In the shadow under the cherry tree stood a horse and buggy—John Powell's rig of rankling memory. The front room was brightly lighted, and on one of the drawn shades Jonas could see silhouetted the head of Powell himself. He was talking eagerly and gesticulating, and when his narrative apparently came to a climax he burst into a roar of laughter. "Laughs just like a horse," Jonas said to himself. But now he observed a shadow-picture on the other shade. Emily was evidently laughing as heartily as her visitor, although no sound of her voice reached the listener.

Jonas tiptoed away in the darkness, growling softly to himself. At ten o'clock he was sitting on the edge of the watering trough at Simmon's Corners, four miles away. The scents and sounds of a summer night had always been a delight to him, and often served him better than books or friends; but now he had walked the whole distance without once sensing the fragrance of the blooming orchards or hearing the voices of the night birds. Two hours later he was in his bed at home, still trying to construct some feasible plan of action. For the first time since the year of Emily's marriage he heard the kitchen clock strike all the hours of the night. Before sunrise he was in the barn, harnessing Dolly for a long day's work.

On Decoration Day, Emily Stone viewed the procession, as it passed through the market square and as it entered the gates of the various cemeteries, from a comfortable seat in a buggy, just as Jonas had thought she might like to do. But it was John Powell who sat beside her and who bought the lemonade at the beginning and the ice cream cones at the end of the trip.

Jonas did not follow the band. After seeing it through the square, he turned old Dolly's head homeward, and put in the rest of the day pruning his apple trees and mending some breaks in his chicken fence.

CHAPTER IV

Troubles never come singly. One morning in June, Jonas Bird discovered that there was serious trouble among his beehives. The first warning came in the form of a sting that surprised him as much as would a kick from gentle and patient old Dolly. Jonas was one of those individuals whom animals, birds and insects alike seem to recognize as friends. He often worked about the hives in the day time, and could be seen with dozens of bees on his coat and in his hair; but he had not been stung for years. He moved among his charges with the quiet efficiency of a trained nurse in a sickroom; they seemed to know him as chickens get to know the person that feeds them; and the angry buzz of a frightened swarm was never heard at his approach.

Now he slapped involuntarily at the bee which had struck his cheek with his red-hot javelin and, as the insect fell to the ground, he stooped over it curiously. What he saw caused him to forget his smarting face and to look about anxiously among the bees which had lighted in the vicinity. For this one that he had killed was much smaller than the natives of his hives, and of a species heartily detested for its foraging and robbing proclivities.

Glancing sharply about, he quickly made out a dozen more of them; and now he saw that a steady stream of these fierce warriors was arriving from the direction of Skinner's barn. Quickly and yet cautiously he approached his first row of hives, and there his worst fears were realized. At every entrance, and in the air above, a fierce war was raging! The rightful owners battled furiously against the invaders; many a pair was locked in mortal combat, and the ground was strewn with victims. In spite of the most determined resistance by the guardians of the treasure, hundreds of robbers were emerging from the hives, laden with spoil and winging their way back whence they came.

A low drumming sound came from the interior of the hives, and Jonas knew better than to approach as near as was his wont. Even so, he was stung twice more within a few minutes, and obliged to beat a retreat.

Perhaps he could have chosen a better time to interview Eben. Skinner on the subject; but just as he turned away from his cherished hives, he caught sight of his neighbor in his potato field, thirty rods away. Leaping over the wall, Jonas quickly approached him and called out:

"Oh, say, Ebenezer, did you know those are black bees that you've got?"

"Well, maybe I did," answered Ebenezer with a slow grin. "If they are, what of it?"

"Why, they're not half so good a kind to keep as the Italians. I wish I'd known you were going to get bees. I'd have told you about them. That kind is always more trouble to take care of. They're ugly, and there's no getting 'em so they won't sting. And they make trouble right off with other hives by robbing and fighting. Your bees have started on mine already. They're



The Guide takes pleasure in offering to its readers, in this issue, an article from the pen of a well-known Canadian writer, Janey Canuck, whose real name is Mrs. Emily Murphy. She makes her home in Edmonton, and is kept very busy as police magistrate, presiding over the Juvenile Court. In spite of this work she finds time to contribute to English, American and Canadian magazines. Janey Canuck is author of a number of books, among which are: *Open Trails*, *Seeds of Pine* and *The Black Candle*. She is a native of the province of Ontario, but for over 20 years has lived in Manitoba and Alberta.

robbing right now like a lot of pirates."

Ebenezer leaned on his hoe and regarded his neighbor with a leer. "Carryin' off the honey are they?"

"Yes, and that's not the worst. If it isn't stopped, they'll soon have my swarms fighting and robbing one another. Then they won't do any

good for the rest of the season. Now I tell you, Ebenezer, I wish you'd get rid of those bees. They're not the proper kind to keep. And I'll give you swarms of my own to take their place. Then you'll have some you can take some comfort with."

Ebenezer turned back to his hoeing. "I guess my bees suit me pretty well," he said.

Jonas gazed at him in astonishment. His temples were pounding like trip-hammers and his arms twitched spasmodically; but he couldn't believe that Skinner understood the situation. If he did, how could he be so obstinate?

"Do you mean you don't care

whether they ruin my hives or not?" he said in a low voice.

Skinner stopped hoeing and stood erect. "Those bees of mine are carryin' home the honey to where it belongs. Maybe it would have been cheaper for you to have paid me what you owed me. But you made your own choice."

For a moment Jonas could not speak. He was choking and paralyzed with rage. Then he burst out furiously: "Eben. Skinner, you're on your own ground. But if you'll get over the wall into the road, I'll break your face in. There'll be one bargain you won't get the best of."

"No, you don't," yelled Skinner, raising his hoe aloft. "You ain't goin' to get me into any rowdy fight over this thing. And you can just get off my land now."

For answer Jonas made a mad rush, and, warding a vicious blow of the hoe, grabbed for the collar of his adversary. But Ebenezer was lean and wiry, and terror now lent him a surprising quickness. Eluding Jonas' clutching hands, he ducked and ran toward his house with the other in close pursuit. They had hardly gone twenty feet when Jonas stepped in a woodchuck hole and measured his length on the ground. When he rose, his antagonist had gone over the wall on the other side of the field and was still running at top speed. Jonas looked after him till he disappeared from view; then turned and vaulted over the wall to his own domain.

He went to the barn, hitched up old Dolly, and drove away to town. In two hours he returned with a great roll of mosquito netting and various other supplies. For the rest of the day he was busy in the barn with hammer and nails and laths; and by night he had netting canopies ready for all his hives.

When after sundown, the bees had become quiet, he placed these covers over all the hives, effectually shutting out the marauders. To have confined the honey-makers to the wooden boxes in this hot weather would very soon have led to serious trouble in all the most populous colonies; but by means of the canopies, Jonas hoped to give the bees sufficient liberty to preserve their health and spirits.

Unfortunately, shutting the robbers out involved shutting the workers in; and this meant that they would feed on the honey already stored. The swarming thousands of young bees in the brood-combs were ravenous eaters. If the workers were shut away for long from outside sources of honey and pollen, whole hives might perish from starvation. To provide against this, Jonas placed feeders filled with a syrup of sugar, water and honey in each of the hives, just as he was accustomed to do in times of honey failure, or in protracted seasons of bad weather.

Finally he brought out from under the barn three or four old hives and placed them near the others, supplying each with a feeder filled with syrup, but placing no canopies over them and leaving the entrances unobstructed. It was midnight before his labors were completed, but he went to bed satisfied that the battle, which had threatened ruin to his one successful enterprise would not be renewed in the morning.

CHAPTER V

Two days later Jonas was completing the sinking of the rock near the Widow Stone's boundary, when Emily came to the wall and addressed him eagerly:

"Say, Jonas, I just heard they're having an awful lot of trouble over to Skinner's with those bees."

"Is that so?" asked Jonas, laying down his shovel and approaching the nodding sunbonnet.

"Yes, their hired girl, Sally, stopped just now to get some cherries. She says those bees are just awful. She got stung, and Mrs. Skinner got stung twice. And she's so scared for the children that she don't hardly dare to let 'em go outdoors. She won't go near her chicken yard because it's near the hives, and Ebenezer has to take all the care of 'em. He's been stung once or twice, too. Mrs. Skinner is stirring him up all the time to get rid of them. She declares the place isn't livable with them on it. But he won't do it. Says

Continued on Page 14

AN APOSTLE OF THE NORTH

*The story of the wonderful life and work of
Emil Grouard*

By JANEY CANUCK

THE recent investiture of the Right Reverend Emil Grouard, bishop of Athabasca, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, has been acclaimed by all creeds and classes in Canada as a fitting tribute to this venerable prelate, who for 63 years has proven himself in every sense of the word, an apostle of the north.

On this occasion, Emil Grouard was created a Knight of the Order with the dignity and impressiveness befitting the occasion.

Once before, some 13 years ago, on this same hill at Grouard that overlooks the meadows and the bay—a natural stage that might almost be the slope of Parnassus—a notable scene was enacted.

It was on the fiftieth anniversary of Emil Grouard as a priest.

The company had hailed from distances so widely apart as the City of Rome and the Arctic Circle, and included Sisters of Charity, government officials, priests, trappers, writers, pioneers, judges, traders, explorers, civil engineers, rivermen, physicians and bankers. Also, there were the Indian chiefs of the north, who, one after another, presented the homage of their tribes to monseigneur, the bishop, each chief wearing a treaty medal as a pledge from Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.

This was followed by a presentation of gold from the women of the diocese to the aged bishop.

"Truly, I did not think to receive this honor," he confided to us later. "I am only an old voyageur, who gets near the end of the river."

And even so, on this latter occasion we find him claiming with a like characteristic modesty how the honor of investiture was not for himself alone, but must be considered a token of appreciation on the part of France for the work of the Oblate Fathers in the northland.

Yes! This must have been an imposing ceremony with monseigneur himself, resplendent in a new cassock of the same violet hue of ripe damson, with a large silver crucifix suspended from a chain, and with his crown of hoary hair. We say a "new" cassock advisedly, for twelve years, you understand, must have played havoc with the other.

Some years ago, when Bishop Grouard went to England to attend the Eucharistic Convention, it was recorded that as he passed through the streets of London, the people stopped to look upon his striking figure, the like of which they had never seen; to marvel at his benign expression of countenance, august bearing, and his long patriarchal beard of snowy whiteness.

Ah! that is a venerable beard too, and monseigneur declares that its milk-whiteness is due to his having rolled in the snow for so many years. Valtribeh-da-ra-shlan, the Dene Indians call him, meaning "the praying one, his chin-hair-much-of-it."

Although, by reason of his dignity, the British compared his figure to that of Michael Angelo's "Moses," yet to see monseigneur at his best, one must have observed him passing through the pines and poplars of Northern Alberta, wearing his old soutane and reading his breviary while, on all sides, dodge the Cree younglings from the mission school.

Such pranks as they play on him too—these little redskins—their favorite being to "make ambush" on the great Black Robe, so that he loses them entirely.

Then, scouting from every angle to enjoy his perturbation, they ultimately descend upon him with a rush and yell eminently well calculated to curdle the

blood of even so seasoned a veteran as this Knight of the Legion of Honor.

Yes, these are the days of real sport and infinitely more enlightening than a stroll along the Strand, or passing-by on Piccadilly.

A Rare Combination of Talents

In attempting to discuss the works of Emil Grouard, one hardly knows where to begin for, apart from being a catechist, a healer of the sick, a farmer, an explorer, a ruler of men, a founder of settlements, a ship carpenter, a translator, a builder, an educator, a compositor, printer, book-binder and publisher, he was also an institutor of games, a patron of arts, and a promotor of colonization.

Such a combination



Upper—The interior of St. Bernard's Church, at Grouard, showing the paintings by Bishop Grouard.

Centre—The Mission School Building at Grouard.

Lower—Bishop Grouard, sitting in the centre of the second row, surrounded by Indian scholars of the mission.

of mental and manual labor is something keenly akin to genius, and the historians of the future are bound to appraise it as such.

Indeed, the very casual summary of this combination would convince even the most skeptical of us.

Who among us would not consider it a life-work to have acquired a knowledge of six languages? This old prelate has a close grip on 12. There is Cree, Eskimo, Rabbit Skin, Chipewaiian, Beaver, Slavi, Dog Rib and Locheux, to say nothing of English, French, Latin and Greek.

Congratulate him upon the acquirement of these and he will say, "Ah, madame, they seem to come to me easily. I feel like the man who had only to open his mouth to have roast ducklings fly therein." Such modesty is truly disconcerting in an age where vanity seems to vary inversely with talent.

His instruction in the language of the Montagnais Indians was given him by Father Clut, a missionary of the north, who later became a bishop. In 1865, while Clut was stationed at Chipewyan, young Grouard was sent to administer the sacraments of the church to his former teacher, and to learn how it fared with him.

Sister Egbert, an Irish nun-lassie, in the north, wrote a play around the incident and staged it on Bishop Grouard's fiftieth anniversary. It shows the young priest covered with hoar frost, and wearing a caribou hood pulled down to cover his face. He approaches the camp fire of Father Clut and speaks with him as a Montagnais—hissing sibilants, clacking gutturals and all—so that the visitor actually passes for a native.

The denouement, showing the delighted teacher with his head thrown back and arms extended, can only be appreciated to the full by one who has lived alone for a year in the wilderness with the uncouth and somewhat ungente redskins.

It was not until 25 years later, in the year 1890, that Grouard travelled north to the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and learned to speak the Eskimo language, applying himself to the task with much diligence.

These different languages were not, however, acquired only as a means of making himself known to these people as he travelled among them, but rather that he might translate for them the service book of the Roman Catholic church. That he is an exegete of no mean order is evidenced by the fact that he made seven of such translations.

Not Daunted by Difficulties

Of course, he does not tell you this himself, and would be confused if you asked him. One must be a friend of Father Constant Falher, the secretary of the vicariat, to learn of things like this.

And Father Falher, if you can find him when he is not too busy, will tell you that having learned these languages

Much might be written of young Grouard's accomplishment as a builder. In preparing for the Chapel at Fort Providence, in the year 1870, he sawed from the logs some 1,300 planks or joists. Food was scarce too, and living conditions were well-nigh intolerable.

Writing of his experiences at this post after a lapse of 60 years, the bishop says: "In those days we ate dog, we ate grow, we ate unsavory dishes, and sometimes we ate nothing at all, but I assure you not one of us would have exchanged places with the Shah of Persia."

After all, it would seem to be true what an American philosopher has said, "all experience that does not kill you is good."

The Orphanage Built

It was in the year 1863-64 that the orphanage had been erected at this post for the Grey Nuns who had come to take charge. Writing of this, Grouard says nothing could express the amazement of the Indians to see a house with an upper story. They were quite afraid of the outer staircase. "After much reflection," he says, "they climbed up on hands and knees. After further reflection, they climbed down in a sitting posture. The unusual height made them giddy. When they saw us walking up or down stairs, they were lost in admiration of the cleverness of the Pale-faces."

But for that matter, Grouard was astonished himself when he looked upon this building, and when he considered the well-nigh incredible hardships endured by the sisters in coming hither.

"I feel as if I may be dreaming," he wrote to Mgr. Tache, the bishop of St. Boniface, "when I see the sisters here established in a convent. The holy audacity, the divine folly of the enterprise take away my breath."

And well the young priest might gasp when one considers that, in those days, the nearest railway was almost 3,000 miles away, at a place in the United States called St. Paul, Minnesota.

"I did not know how the poor nuns could survive the journey," he continues, "or how they could ever live in such a place as this, if they got so far. Even now, when they have been three months here I fear some

hallucination, so astounding is the event."

Over Wilderness Trails

And, indeed, no one knew the hardship of these trails the sisters had to cover, better than Grouard. In one winter, he travelled part of the route—from Fort Providence to St. Albert, near Edmonton—a distance of 900 miles, half the journey being on foot and half in dog-sled.

In the years 1868-9, he also covered 4,000 miles on a missionary tour through these illimitable and well-nigh unbroken wildernesses. Truly, Father Duchaussois is correct when he speaks of Grouard as "a mighty walker before the Lord."

On another occasion, after the gold rush, he visited the Klondyke, crossing the divide between the Mackenzie Delta and the Yukon watershed, navigating the Rat Creek where so many stampedeers lost their lives. His journey was by foot and canoe.

On the various voyages he ministered to the natives, and when he could not speak their language, took their confessions through an interpreter. Neither were these the outpourings of any mere idle impulses, or what a vulgar but discerning reporter has described as "vague purple yearnings after the whatness of the aint." . . . "Tell the Black Robe I cut the nose and chin off my wife," quoth one, "just to teach her a lesson."

Continued on Page 21

Unhealthy gums denoted
by tenderness and bleeding



UNHEALTHY soil kills the best of wheat. Unhealthy gums kill the best of teeth. To keep the teeth sound keep the gums well. Watch for tender and bleeding gums. This is a symptom of Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty.

Pyorrhea menaces the body as well as the teeth. Not only do the gums recede and cause the teeth to decay, loosen and fall out, but the infecting Pyorrhea germs lower the body's vitality and cause many serious ills.

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SAFETY FIRST AT HOME

Avoid accidents with fire, water and poisons—Danger with coal oil

By MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

IN any home, but especially on a farm, there are plenty of opportunities for accidents of various kinds, so it is wise to make "Safety First" the rule. Take stock remedies for instance. A great many are poisonous, and as almost every child has a burning curiosity, they should be kept right out of reach. The barn is the best place for most disinfectants and medicines needed for animals, provided they are placed out of the way of young climbers. However, a high cupboard in the house, kept under lock and key, is preferable to an accessible shelf in the barn.

All medicines used for the family should be stored in another locked cupboard out of reach—on no account should they be put on the same shelf as stock remedies. Distinctive labels for poisons prevent accidents and so do special bottles with roughened surfaces which tell in a moment that the contents are dangerous. Even medicines for internal use should be kept away from investigating little ones. It goes without saying that labels should be very carefully read before administering drugs of any kind. To give a dose in the dark is exceedingly risky as people have found out to their sorrow. It is well worth while to light a lamp or to use a torch in order to save a mistake or possibly even a life. Some individuals with thrifty tendencies save small amounts of medicines in the hope they may some time be used. This is not good policy because drugs deteriorate with keeping. Especially dangerous is it to put these left-overs into bottles without labelling them, since you might forget what they were or they might be taken for something else in your absence.

Precautions with Lye

Laundry work often entails the use of dangerous materials for taking out stains and softening water, so it is wise to treat these re-agents in the same way as other poisons. Then there's lye—practically every family uses it for soap-making. As a precaution, never leave it around for one moment because a toddler might easily upset the contents of a can over himself, doing much damage. After water is added the chemical is still more deadly and ought never to be out of your sight. A child swallowing lye solution either loses his life or is a physical wreck, the former being the lesser of the two evils, but in both cases, the agony is frightful. If you have been mixing poison baits or spraying with Paris green do not leave it where children or animals can get hold of it.

Matches are another thing that should be kept well out of the way of children on a high shelf. Many of the disastrous fires in homes on the prairie have been started by small children imitating their father and striking matches. If early taught the danger of fire there is less chance of disaster. Every member of the family should be warned against using coal oil when lighting fires. Each year adds to the list of avoidable fatalities simply because someone was in a hurry. If you must use coal oil, saturate cold ashes with it and put some into the stove before the paper or kindling. On account of its highly inflammable nature never pour it into a fire-box in which there are even a few sparks. People who use it habitually and "get away with it" claim this is fussiness, but it is not. Nobody has any right to risk losing the house and its possessions or precious lives, in order to speed things up. It is a wise precaution to teach everybody how to behave in the event of their clothes commencing to burn. The worst thing anyone can do is to rush around

or run outside because this fans the flames. Show the children how to roll themselves quickly in the nearest mat, blanket or heavy coat. This cuts off the air and smothers the flames. Another safety scheme is to have one or more ropes upstairs, down which people can lower themselves supposing the stairway is cut off. This is particularly necessary in homes where there is only one set of stairs. The ropes could be coiled just below the window-sills with one end attached firmly to a spike or strong hook.

What about your important papers and documents? Have you a "strong box" in which they are kept in safety, not so much from robbers as from fire, the thief from which such valuables can never be reclaimed? It is well worth while to get a metal container for holding agreements and policies and other papers and to keep it in a place where it can be rapidly picked up by any member of the family.

Gasoline stoves, irons and lamps are excellent servants if properly handled. However, anybody known to be careless should never be allowed to light them, because the danger of explosion is great if chances are taken. Even with an oil stove every precaution is necessary, for if liquid is allowed to boil over the flames flare up and not only blacken the pan but may burn clothing or hair. Neither lamps nor stoves should ever be filled while burning. Needless to say it is taking a great risk to allow children to carry lamps.

Another source of danger is a loose well-top. Is yours nailed down firmly? A curious child interested in finding out where the water comes from could easily slip down to almost certain death. The water barrel too should be arranged so that no climber can possibly fall in. Tubs holding water are also dangerous where there are tiny tots. In one case I know of, a small child actually drowned in only two inches of water. The little lad fell into a tub at the back door and could not get out by himself so lost his life before anyone discovered the accident. It pays over and over again to attend to cuts, scrapes and blisters as soon as the damage is done. Each year rusty nails cause damage, not because of the rust but because of the dirt they carry. Anybody who steps on one should poultice the foot until all the dirt is drawn out. No home can afford to be without an emergency cupboard or kit in which bandages, dressings and other first aid supplies are kept.

Scheme for Wash Day

On wash day after the baby learns to creep or walk it is a great help to have a play-pen for keeping him out of harm's way. This is especially good when a power washer is used, because you can turn your back knowing that there is no chance of the young man getting into mischief.

Many accidents around machinery are due to clothing being caught in "the works." Very often this could be avoided by discarding old overalls and coats. A ragged, torn sleeve is more easily caught than one which is whole. "Take no chances with the bull," is a good slogan, especially where there are children. Do not leave him loose in a paddock. One scheme recommended by experts is to attach one end of a chain to his nose-ring and the other to a clothes line extending from one side of the paddock to another. This gives both freedom to the animal and comparative safety to the family. In leading a bull a staff is of great use for holding up his head.

These are only a few of the necessary precautions to take around the farmstead. With these and others the safety first rule is worth observing.



"Those Terrible Ear Noises Have Stopped"



"Those terrible Ear Noises have stopped," is what letter after letter is saying. You remember that some time ago Treatments for Head Noises were offered Free to Grain Growers' Guide readers. Many people took advantage of that offer, saw the Method and put themselves under its care.

Head Noises! What a picture of suffering these words bring to mind. But if you have Head Noises you are the one to appreciate the blessed relief in the words, "My Head Noises have stopped," and these are the words which the mail brings Specialist Sproule's office.

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Here is your opportunity. Send for one of these Free Treatments and see the Method which has done so much for hundreds of sufferers from Ear troubles. Just drop Specialist Sproule's office a note or a post card giving your full name and address.

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Winnipeg, Wednesday, August 5, 1925

Watching the Prairies

While there is no definite announcement from Ottawa in regard to a general election before Christmas, yet the Liberal and Conservative organizations are actively preparing for the event. It is perhaps a little early to expect an announcement if the election is not to be held until October or November, though ample notice should be given. It will be unfortunate if the government decides to call an election in winter weather, when there is really no excuse for placing the Canadian electors at such an inconvenience. There is no emergency, and the proper time to hold an election is during the five or six months when we may expect reasonably mild weather, and when automobile transportation is practicable.

The powers at Ottawa who finally decide when an election will be held, are no doubt watching the political horizon very closely and examining carefully the condition of their own political fences. Judging by the statement issued by Premier King, following the Saskatchewan election, that event was very cheering to the Dominion government, yet we in the West, know that the Saskatchewan election had no significance whatever in the federal political field, and is no indication of the results which may be expected in that province in a federal election. On the other hand the result in Nova Scotia, where the Liberal party, after being in power for 43 years, was virtually eliminated, may be regarded as somewhat indicative of the results of the federal election in that province, considering that there has always been the closest connection between the provincial and federal parties in all three maritime provinces. For this reason also the result of the New Brunswick campaign, now in progress, will be watched very closely by the federal political leaders, and may assist Premier King in deciding whether the time is ripe for an appeal to the people.

Here in the prairie provinces the men and women, both urban and rural, have a very important problem to decide. The Liberal party is planning, as one of its leaders has said, to elect not less than 25 candidates in the prairie provinces. He says that only by this means can the Liberal party remain in power at Ottawa, and western influence be sufficiently powerful to secure proper attention to the needs of this part of the Dominion. Hon. Arthur Meighen has made a tour through the country also, offering his high tariff panacea for the ills of the nation. Political observers seem to be coming to the conclusion that in the prairie provinces will be decided the character of government which will prevail at Ottawa for the next parliamentary period. It is conceded that the Conservative party will make considerable gains in Eastern Canada, with a consequent loss of strength to the government. It is quite within the possibilities that outside of the prairie provinces the two old political parties may come back fairly equal in strength.

It is for the people here on the prairies to decide by which of three following methods the best interests of Canada can best be served: First, support of the Conservative high tariff policy, which would increase the cost of production and the cost of living, and become a further handicap to the development of the country. Second, support of the Liberal party, which professes tariff reduction but maintains the protective system almost unimpaired, that promises many reforms when in opposition, and generally neglects to fulfill its promises

when in power. Third, the support of the Progressive policy and the election of a solid Progressive contingent which will not only have the interests of all Canada at heart, but will also be able to give effective voice to the reasonable requirements of this country, and will support any party in the fulfilment of such policies.

We have no doubt as to which of these alternatives will appeal most strongly to the people of the prairie provinces. While it is quite true that the performance of the Progressive group at Ottawa has not given entire satisfaction to the prairie electors, nor has its achievements been equal to expectations, yet nevertheless this country would have suffered more severely in federal legislation had the Progressive members not been in parliament. Under redistribution there is an increase of 11 constituencies in the prairie provinces, which affords an opportunity for a very considerable increase in the number of Progressive candidates which can be elected from this field, and these, with the addition of a certain number of Progressives from Eastern Canada, would be an even more important factor in the next parliament. What is needed today is a revision of the Progressive political platform to put it in line with prevailing conditions, and an active organization in every constituency on the prairies. Progressive organization is already under way, and no single constituency should be overlooked. The election of Progressive candidates can only be brought about by proper organization and education of the electors to the importance of the principles involved.

William Jennings Bryan

William Jennings Bryan, who died in dramatic circumstances on July 26, at Dayton, Tennessee, where he had been taking part in the sensational evolution trial, may not be counted by the historian among the great statesmen of his country, but he was certainly a forceful and popular figure in American public life during the last 30 years.

He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1860, and it might also be said that he inherited the puritan traditions of his birthplace. He was not out of his twenties when he attracted attention by his political oratory in the Democratic cause, and he was a member of the House of Representatives from 1891 to 1895. His advocacy of bimetallism, popularly known in the United States as the free coinage of silver, lost him much support, and he was defeated in seeking re-election to the House of Representatives, and was also defeated in seeking election to the Senate. He leaped to the summit of political fame with his speech in favor of his own plank for the free coinage of silver in the Democratic platform, at the Democratic nominating convention of 1896, arousing the delegates to the white-heat of enthusiasm with the celebrated passage: "You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns; you shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."

The speech won him the presidential nomination, but not election. He was again a candidate in 1900, but was again defeated and another defeat was registered against him in 1908. That was about enough for the Democratic party and also Mr. Bryan, who announced he would not be a candidate in 1912; he attended the Democratic convention, but threw his weight and influence on the side of Woodrow Wilson. He received his reward in appointment to the

position of secretary of state in Wilson's first cabinet, and he immediately initiated negotiations with other countries for the making of peace and arbitration treaties. Before leaving office in 1915, he had concluded about 30 of these treaties.

In 1915 he dissented strongly from President Wilson's second note to Germany on the sinking of the Lusitania, and he resigned from the cabinet, but when the United States finally got into the war he wanted to enlist as a private although he was 57 years old, a repetition of his action during the Spanish-American war, when he became a colonel of volunteers, but never saw active service. He stood resolutely by the nation during the war, and his pacifist principles after it, supporting the League of Nations, although he wanted specific recognition of the Munroe Doctrine in the covenant of the League. In 1920 he declined presidential nomination, but was lukewarm in his support of the Democratic choice, James Cox.

Bryan's politics was a curious mixture of old-fashioned democratic ideas with modern radicalism. There was never harmony between his political theories and his reform program. He was anti-imperialist but believed firmly that his country had a divine mission to advance the backward races. He advocated public ownership and control of the big corporations, but was always distrustful of the machinery for carrying out these reforms. He was one of the pioneers in the movement for an income tax, and the establishment of a Department of Labor, but he never escaped from the old democratic dislike of extension of the federal power. In the advocacy of prohibition, woman suffrage and international peace, he had a great field for the employment of his special faculty for popular appeal, and it has to be said for him that with all his incoherencies and inconsistencies, he spoke always for the "under dog."

There is something reminiscent of Gladstone in his entering the lists against the scientists on behalf of Genesis, and like Gladstone he was ill-equipped for his self-imposed task. Both men had an enthusiasm for what Matthew Arnold called "lost causes." There, however, the resemblance ends. Gladstone possessed an erudition which saved him, even when wrong, from appearing ridiculous; Bryan possessed only an enthusiasm which at times made him the despair of his warmest friends. Bryan's political ideal was that of the popular average; to that he sought to equate all society. Gladstone in his own life was a splendid example of the unfolding of the intellect and the development of political ideas under the impulse of a mighty moral consciousness.

Bryan died as he had lived—a fighter. His vacillations brought him the sneers of his enemies, but he never lost the homage of those to whom his thinking was nearest. He went out in the midst of the fray, and with all his weaknesses and limitations, as a soldier of political fortune, it can at least be said of him that he was "a bonnie fechter."

What About Disarmament?

There has been a great row in the British cabinet. Winston Churchill, chancellor of the exchequer, wanted to ease taxation, cut down expenses, and generally, secure an economy in administration which would enable him to present an encouraging financial statement. The admiralty had no objection to saving provided it wasn't at the expense of the navy. It was absolutely necessary,

the admiralty said, to build four big cruisers this year and provide for an adequate program of naval construction, because there had been slackness enough and to spare in keeping up the navy during the last few years. They promised to cut down other expenses as much as possible, but the first lord of the admiralty declared he would resign and that Earl Beatty would go with him if the government did not authorize the building of those four cruisers.

The government finally surrendered, and Premier Baldwin announced in the House of Commons that four big cruisers will be laid down during the present financial year, and three in succeeding years during the life of the present parliament. In addition, beginning next financial year, nine destroyers and six submarines will be laid down annually. This means a program for the present government of 16 cruisers, 36 destroyers and 24 submarines.

Immediately, it is announced at Washington, that President Coolidge is instituting an investigation to find out if it is possible to save \$20,000,000 in the naval department, so that he can get the money, without going direct to the taxpayer, for building "new ships regarded as absolutely essential for the navy." Japan is also building ships "regarded as absolutely essential" for her navy. The program for the three countries since 1912 has meant the addition of 95,000 tons to the U. S. navy; 318,370 tons to the British navy and 171,055 to the Japanese. Great Britain is thus well ahead of the United States and Japan combined, but still more ships are "absolutely necessary."

Only a few years ago the nations met at Washington, and amid much enthusiasm they agreed to limit naval construction in capital ships. They excluded from the agreement ships under 10,000 tons. The nations have observed the agreement, but they have commenced another rivalry in the

construction of the armament excluded from the agreement. The madness, which the agreement was to stop, is breaking out in another place. Where the danger is nobody knows. It certainly isn't Germany. Maybe it's Japan. The militarists have to have a menace somewhere. Meanwhile the disarmament conference which was to be called under the Geneva protocol, is off. There are more men under arms in Europe today than before the war. The race in naval armament is beginning again, and air forces are a third drain on public purses. The talk of disarmament is being left to the few idealists who firmly believed that the last war was a war to end war.

Why the Secrecy?

The Canadian National Railway, it appears, will not check the cost of moving the 25,000 tons of coal from Alberta to Ontario points. The company will move the coal as agreed upon, but it will not disclose the actual cost. If there is a loss on the \$7.00 rate, it will pocket it, preferring to do that rather than make an adjustment which might give the basis for a rate and thus prejudice the case of the railways before the Railway Commission. In plain words, the Canadian National is going to take no chances on demonstrating that it can profitably move coal or anything else, at lower rates than those now prevailing. Like every other railway, and in fact every other business, it wants all the profit it can get.

The National Transcontinental Railway and the Grand Trunk Pacific were built on plans that, it was calculated, would reduce the cost of operation and give cheaper transportation service. The Board of Railway Commissioners, however, decided that, as all the railways had to live, the cheaper operating costs of the Canadian National, if any, must not be used to the detriment of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which must

have a revenue sufficient to pay its usual dividend and to provide a moderate surplus. Thus it would make no difference to the Canadian people if the National Railways can transport more cheaply than the Canadian Pacific; the rates will be fixed on the needs of the Canadian Pacific.

As a matter of fact the National system, as a system, probably needs as high, if not higher, rates than the Canadian Pacific, and that may be the reason for Sir Henry Thornton's reluctance to make public the cost of moving the Alberta coal. But seeing that the National Railways are the property of the Canadian people, and should be operated to give the greatest possible public service, information ought to be available to show whether or not the country is getting that service.

On the last day of the session at Ottawa, the rural credits bill was before the House of Commons, and Hon. J. A. Robb, getting impatient, declared emphatically that he was "not going to sit here all summer and discuss it." The Senate apparently decided that Mr. Robb's attitude was a good measure of the value of the bill, and promptly shelved it.

A writer in the Montreal Gazette says that if a plebiscite were taken on the question, "Are you in favor of a tariff high enough to ensure adequate protection to our industries?" the "ballot papers marked 'No,' would nearly all be found in ballot boxes (many of them 'stuffed') from the prairie provinces." He is emphatically right about the answer from the prairie provinces, but we would mildly suggest that the less eastern people have to say about "stuffed" ballot boxes the better for themselves. The "stuffed" ballot box is a product of eastern, not western, political methods.



The Return of the Rivals

DRUDGERY PUT TO ROUT

How prairie homemakers lighten their load

By MARGARET M. SPEECHLY

DRUDGERY and the farmhouse, in the minds of some people, are inseparable and even in urban localities drudgery and housekeeping seem as closely connected as Siamese twins. Yet it is not always clear what is meant by drudgery. Friend dictionary has decided views on the question—"Drudgery" it says "is disagreeable, wearisome labor, which must be regularly performed." This throws some light on the subject and yet the X-ray is not complete. If you go into the matter carefully, one thing is plain—there are two sides to drudgery. One is physical and other is mental. In certain homes, drudgery is invariably associated with bodily fatigue. Sometimes this is due to preparing meals day after day over a hot stove in an inconvenient kitchen. In others cases the weekly washing and ironing with the attendant heat may be the cause, especially if a washboard and tub are the main pieces of equipment. Again, cleaning is a real burden to women who find it tiring. Sheer weariness too often turns household work into drudgery.

As many farm homemakers faced with physical bankruptcy have defeated drudgery, I believe you will be interested to hear how some of them have won out. A certain young mother was cursed with a huge kitchen in which it was necessary to walk miles during the preparation of meals. She knew her feet would soon play out if she didn't do something to make the room more convenient, so she set to work to ring the changes. Instead of having the main pieces of equipment around all four walls she grouped them in logical order and concentrated them in a small area. She had the working surfaces raised to a comfortable height and secured a stool on which she could sit to do many things. In addition she used paint and cheerful washable curtains to make the kitchen a pleasant place to work in, and the effect of this reformation upon her physical condition was remarkable. Instead of having sore feet and an aching back she now gets through her work comfortably and is ready for other things afterwards.

A Real Victory

One little woman who always became worn out on cleaning days simplified her work so that it is no longer drudgery. First of all she took stock of the various rooms in her house and removed everything that increased work unnecessarily. The first place to be attacked was the living-room. On the top of the piano was a silk drape, several photographs, a violin, and a collection of sea shells. These, said she to herself, must go. The photos were put away in a box under the window seat, the violin was given away to a child who wanted to learn music, the shells were banished for life, and the drape was made into a needed sofa cushion. Now the piano is dusted with rapidity. The next things to go were some tidies which needed straightening daily. Last year's Christmas cards were packed up and sent to the nearest hospital for the children to play with. Ornaments on a fancy what-not were put away to save work. In the dining-room, the sideboard was cluttered with various things which needed regular dusting. Then there were pieces of silver seldom used which required a vast amount of polishing to keep them looking nice. These articles were carefully wrapped up and packed in a box in the attic. Upstairs all unnecessary things on bureaus were either given away or destroyed. You would hardly believe the

difference in that house—and, best of all, in the homemaker who has freed herself from the work that was drudgery.

A certain mother who found wash-day most fatiguing determined that she would reduce it to a minimum. She had the washer and tubs raised to a convenient height and saved the strain of bending—(she is very tall). Then she got her husband to install a summer water supply similar to one she had seen in The Guide, and this did away with much heavy lifting. In addition she made her own underwear and the children's of cotton crepe that needs no starching or ironing and reduced the number of white clothes to a minimum. No more does she iron sheets and tea towels, but seated on a stool she smooths them out, putting them away as they are. She now finds that much of the

drudgery of wash-day has been put to rout.

To another homemaker, hot weather and the daily company of a range were a real burden. One day she had an inspiration which meant a good deal of freedom from what, to her, was slavery. By planning meals in advance and cooking sufficient for two days at a time she was able to let out the stove more frequently and to spend the extra time at other work. She also purchased an oil stove on which she does much of her cooking and all of her canning.

Drudgery of Another Kind

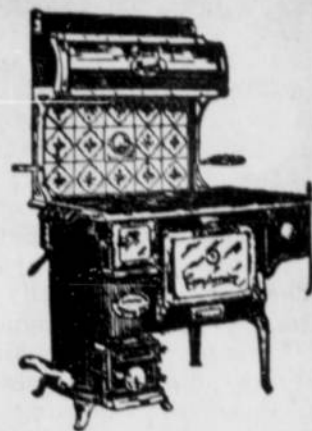
These are only a few of the instances of how drudgery has been put to rout, but there are others in which the problem is mental and not physical. Dish-washing, cooking, cleaning and other jobs are irksome, because they interfere with reading, music, needlework, gardening, or with some other pursuit which has a greater appeal. Working while others are playing or relaxing often produces a sense of injustice especially in the case of children, when one is called in to do the dishes while the others play or read. In many homes this is avoided by having all work together or by giving each child something to be done at the same time.

Having to leave the family circle in the evening to attend to the bread or to do other work is often most distasteful to a woman who loves companionship and hates the chores which deprive her of it. One of the advantages of combining kitchen and living-room is that a homemaker doesn't need to banish herself when certain work must be done.

Some people complain that housekeeping is a humdrum, uninteresting, burdensome job. Possibly they have never yet regarded it in the light of homemaking, and thus have failed to realize its importance in the general scheme of things. What is needed among many homemakers is a greater consciousness of the bigness of their job. Owing to close contact with the daily round they feel that it is insignificant compared, for instance, with the work of a teacher or a woman in business. As a matter of fact it is far greater than either because a homemaker must be an instructor, a business manager and a multitude of other things. Nobody who studies her job, tries to increase her efficiency or delves into the mysteries of child-training, can ever claim that it is dull, drab, uninteresting. Today, as never before, information concerning women's biggest job is being broadcasted by books, bulletins, magazines and radio, shedding a new light on the business of homemaking, raising it to a higher level and making it full of new interest.



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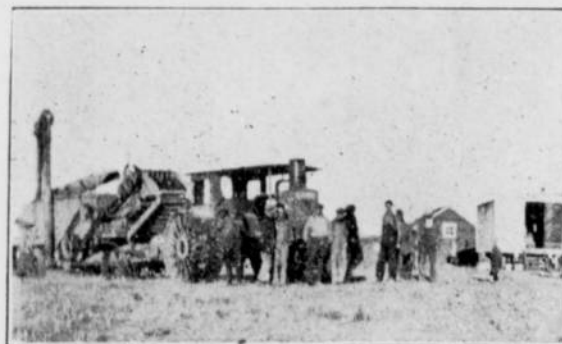
THE THRESHERS DROP IN

How to manage when unprepared for the gang—It pays to have a reserve supply of canned meats and vegetables

By MARILLA R. WHITMORE

"MOTHER! Oh Mother!" called my youngest hopeful, rushing madly into the house. "All the men in the country are coming into our yard!"

I left my lunch preparations and went to the front veranda. Sure enough teams were driving in at the gate—and it was nearly dinner time. Wondering to myself if perhaps I had misunderstood my husband to say that we would not do our threshing for another ten days, I stood still for a moment and did nothing. Then came a ring on the phone and the mystery was soon unravelled by "Hello, is that you? —Well, we pulled to Smith's but found that their grain would not be ready for a few days so I am coming home to do our own threshing now instead of later. That will be allright won't it? The men are going out to load up, that will give you time to get dinner. Also will you please send a lunch to the machine for Scotty and me. Goodbye!" "Just as easy as that," I thought to myself in a dazed way. "Isn't that just like a man! when he knows that I want at least a week's notice." What could I do—there was no time to send for meat or anything else?



At best a crew of hungry threshers is a handful, but when it descends unexpectedly upon a busy woman, it is scarcely appreciated. Mrs. Whitmore describes how she and her boys put a meal on the table in record time.

ing time is such a help, for it can be put on over the oil burner and is ready in no time. It is a great thing to have plenty of hot water at all times during threshing.

An Emergency Meal

When the men finally came in saying good naturedly, "Well, we sure played a trick on you this time, Mrs. Whitmore," everything was ready and waiting. The table could not have looked better if I had spent a week planning—great bowls of sliced tomato pickles and lucious looking beet pickles flanked dishes of home-made jam and jelly. Also there were delicious browned meat pies with dishes

of new potatoes, steamed with jackets-on, string beans with butter sauce, and great plates of hot biscuits (for when making the dough for the pie I used the largest mixing bowl and made enough so there would be biscuits to eke out the bread supply). Last of all came the rhubarb pudding with cream cool from the well, as well as good tea—what more could threshers want on 40 minutes notice?

After they had gone and the threshing machine had puffed in, I fixed up the lunch baskets and took them to the machine myself, ready to tell that husband of mine just what I thought of him, but was met by such a good natured grin, and "I knew you could do it," that I hadn't the heart.

While the Kitchen Police were stacking the dishes, I sat down at the desk and made out my lists and menus as usual, then dispatched the boys with their pony to the butcher and store for provisions. It took a while to get things into smoothly running order as in previous years, but in a day or two I was ahead and could take my few minutes of rest afternoon and morning.

Canned Food Save the Day

It pays to be prepared for threshers—the planning is everything—but when one is caught totally unprepared as I was it is a comfort to have stored away a generous amount of canned vegetables, meat and extra fruit for just such use. I always can my vegetables ahead for threshing time, for when one is without help it is an untold boon to the busy housewife to simply open up the new carrots, beans, corn, small beets, tomatoes or spinach, and with a few minutes warming have it ready to serve. It isn't as much work to can it when you have time as it is to go to the garden during a busy day and then to prepare and cook the vegetables. Another thing—you cannot always have the string beans or new peas or even sweet corn at just the time you thresh—sometimes it is too late for such things so it is quite a treat.

The pressure cooker method certainly saves the housewife much time and effort the year round. Mine is in use at least twice a day every day and is still like new. If farmers wives knew what a help a pressure cooker is they would have one if only to use during canning and threshing time. Up-to-date equipment in the kitchen makes life easier for the farmer's wife.

Kitchen Police to the Rescue

Calling the boys who prided themselves on being good K.M.'s or K.P.'s, Kitchen Mechanics or Kitchen Police, as we called them in the game we played, I explained the situation, and in less time than you can say it, one was on the way to the garden after potatoes, one was piling in fuel, while the other stood ready to run errands. How we hustled to be sure, but it wasn't much more than half an hour before the men were unhooking and my dinner was nearly ready to serve.

Thanks to my emergency supply in the basement, it was no trick at all to get the dinner once I "came to" and recovered from the surprise party which was sprung upon me. My helper brought up two large jars of canned veal. This was put on to heat and a gravy was made for it. Then I made up biscuit dough for veal pie and in no time had them tucked into the hot oven. Meanwhile the potatoes had come in and armed with brushes the two elder boys were soon scrubbing them lustily. From the store in the basement were brought canned string-beans, and a number of bottles of rhubarb. The beans were heated and served with butter sauce, while the rhubarb was used for a pudding which was quickly mixed and would bake in the oil stove oven while the men were eating their meat and vegetables.

The pressure cooker was put on the oil stove, and when the potatoes were ready they were popped into it. The pressure soon ran up to 15 pounds so the new potatoes were cooked in less than 20 minutes from the time the lid was clamped down.

The boys had washed themselves and were busy fixing up tables. The long white oil cloth which is carefully rolled upon a smooth stick and stored away after threshing season each year was brought out and was ready for use when wiped off with a damp cloth. The large box of utensils was brought down from the store-room so there was no need to rush wildly to the neighbors to borrow enough dishes to serve a gang. The huge tea-pot was scalded out and ready for tea once the kettles boiled. An extra tea kettle to use during thresh-

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IRONING DAY WRINKLES

Ways of saving strength—How to secure good results

By MARION HUGHES

WHEN you come to think of it your choice of patterns, fabrics and trimmings means a good deal on ironing day. Kimona and other straight-line types are far easier to iron than complicated styles; cotton crepes and knitted goods are more quickly smoothed than linens or voiles; while self-trimmings and bindings require much less attention than fancy ribbons and other similar adornments. Therefore, in selecting patterns or ready-made garments, think of the laundering as well as the fit, color and other factors.

Much of the ease with which ironing is done depends upon the equipment. Without a doubt a well-padded table is the place on which to iron large pieces like tablecloths, but a board is the thing for garments. In order to do the work rapidly with the least expenditure of energy, the table or board must be steady and rigid—nothing is worse than one which is unsteady and wobbly. It should also be of the right height in order to save aching arms and back. This you will have to determine for yourself, because no two women are alike in arm-length and other respects. An average height for board or table at which the best pressure can be exerted is from 32 to 36 inches for a medium-tall person. A board should be constructed so that even a narrow dress or skirt can be drawn over it without creasing it in the slightest.

Saving Energy

There was a time when it was considered lazy to sit down while ironing—today, everybody knows it is wildly extravagant of precious human energy to stand any more than is necessary. A stool of the right height is a good thing and so is an old high-chair. I believe many of the people who hate ironing would not mind it so much if they were off their feet.

The way a board is padded makes a great difference to the appearance of the garments. First, place a couple of layers of blanket on it and see that there isn't a wrinkle anywhere. Two thicknesses of silence cloth, or three of outing flannel, can be used instead. Cover with sheeting or strong factory cotton, stretching it tightly and tacking it smoothly to the underside. Over this lay a well-shaped cover held in place with tapes. Some people run a drawstring through a hem and pull it in to fit the board. If two or three covers are made at the same time there will always be a clean one on hand. Needless to say there should be no seams on the inner or outer layers of padding. A sleeve-board is a convenient thing and is not hard to make. For embroidery, a pair of Turkish towels covered with a tea-towel makes a splendid pad. This is also a help in ironing the material around buttons, as the extra thickness allows the buttons to sink in.

Then come the irons. If buying new ones select those heavy enough to do the pressing without being a burden to lift. Good points make it easy to "nose" into gathers and

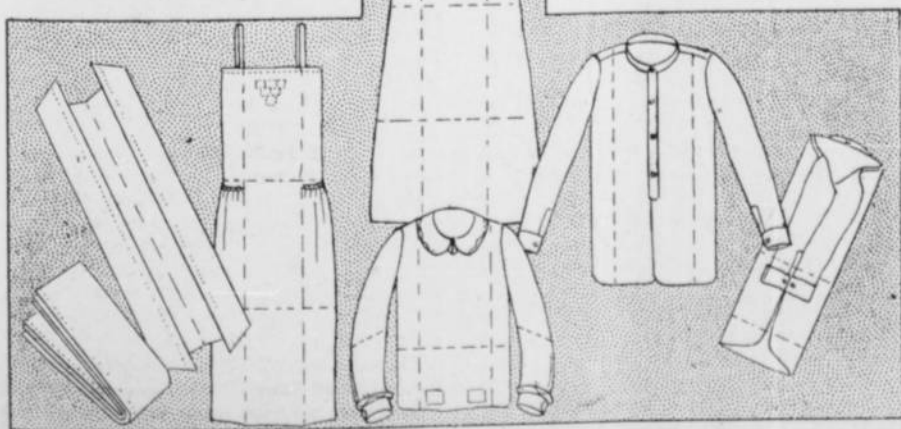
ruffles. A gasoline iron for summer is a real boon. I have used one for years and have found it perfectly safe provided no risks are taken. A piece of sand-paper is a good thing on which to polish the surface of the irons.

Ironing is simplified by the way the clothes are treated beforehand. If you fold the pieces when taking them from the line instead of tossing them into the basket, there will be fewer wrinkles to remove. For sprinkling, an old, clean whisk is better than a brand new one, which holds a lot of water. A good scheme for dampening is a bottle fitted with a perforated metal top, or a ketchup bottle with holes punched in the metal screw-cap. Flannels need no sprinkling as they are better ironed dry. Cottons require a medium amount of water, while linens are better when very damp. The most satisfactory way of treating colored cottons that are apt to fade or run is to iron them while still damp. Silks seldom look well if dried and then sprinkled, while if rolled in a thick towel until of the right dampness, they do up beautifully.

Iron Till Bone Dry

Watch any good ironer and notice that much of her success lies in ironing each piece until it is bone dry. Unless this is done the fabric will have a rough dried look. It goes without saying that to get good results the iron must be of the right temperature. Wools and silks require only a warm iron—great heat destroys the delicate animal fibres and often spoils dainty colors, no matter what kind of cloth it is. Cotton and linen, on the other hand, need a hot iron to produce a glossy surface, to which dirt does not readily cling.

As a rule it pays to take long, quick strokes, covering as much ground as possible, and holding the garment taut with the left hand. Always work with the grain of the material as far as possible. Commence with the parts that hang over the edge so that they will not become dried or mussed. Shirts and over-blouses are best ironed in the following order: cuffs, sleeves, fronts, back and collar. If there are any tucks or pleats at the shoulder, iron from the top downwards in order to prevent ugly wrinkles at the upper end. For many straight-line dresses the same order is followed as for blouses, keeping the skirt rolled up to prevent drying. Groups of pleats in the skirt, if done last, will be fresh and free from wrinkles. Unless special care is taken to thoroughly dry out hems, tucks, pleats and other double thicknesses, they will not look smart. With cuffs and collars the best results are obtained by ironing the inside until half dry, and then doing the outside. Wrinkles are avoided on men's soft collars and the round collars on children's dresses if they are ironed from the edge inwards. On articles with embroidery iron the pattern first, on the wrong side and then finish the rest of the garment. A nightgown is ironed in the following order: trimming on sleeves and yoke, then sleeves and body. Much of



A guide for folding garments of various kinds

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the attractiveness of freshly-laundered pieces depends upon the folding, for if put away in a haphazard manner they will look wrinkled and mussed. The illustration indicates by dotted lines the best method of treating

several articles. The lengthwise folds come first and the others afterwards, leaving the top or patterned area outwards. By folding table linen in the way indicated at the extreme left the creases are all made in the same direction.

Stirring Up Ebenezer

Continued from Page 6

he's going to get the benefit of that clover field if he don't get another thing off his farm."

"Well, now!" said Jonas slowly. "I told him those bees he's got were no good, and just the kind to make the most trouble and make him the least honey. But he wouldn't listen. I told him they were robbing my hives, and, come to find out, that was just exactly what he thought they ought to do! I forgot myself then, and chased him out of his potato field."

"You did? Good enough! Wish you had caught him. But no—I don't either, because then he'd have had an action for damages against you. But could you do anything about the robbing?"

"Yes, I covered my hives up with mosquito netting. I guess maybe things'll straighten out after a few days more. If they don't, I stand to lose my whole season's honey. But there's a good many ways of managing bees if you know how."

The next morning Jonas met Mrs. Skinner at the post-office in the village. It was evident that her husband had told her nothing of the fracas in the potato field, for the minute she saw Jonas she hurried toward him, talking breathlessly:

"Oh, Mr. Bird, you're just the man I wanted to see. We're havin' an awful time with those bees Ebenezer's got. They sting everybody so't we don't hardly dare to go outdoors. They've stung me twice and Ebenezer three or four times. I never have seen bees act so in all my life, nor anybody round, either. They act worse than hornets. Now you know about bees. What in the world shall we do with them?"

"Those bees you've got are the black bees. They're no good, they're so vicious and hard to manage. If they were mine, I'd jest take the sulphur smoker and clear out the whole lot of 'em."

"That's just what I wanted Ebenezer to do. But he wouldn't hear to do it. I don't know what we're goin' to do. They stung two chickens to death yesterday. I never did see such work."

"The sulphur smoker's the only thing for 'em," said Jonas, as he pocketed his mail and turned away. "Those black bees ain't any good on earth."

In the middle of the next afternoon, while the beekeeper was solicitously watching his prisoners under the netting canopies, he heard a clear sweet call from the Widow Stone's raspberry patch. "Jonas!" Emily cried.

Instantly he started in that direction, and soon stood with his hands on the moss-grown stones of the wall, facing Emily, whose countenance was aglow with excitement.

"Oh, have you heard what happened over to Skinner's last night?" she gurgled.

"No, I haven't heard anything."

"Well, of all things in the world! It's as good as a play. The old skin-flint! He got just what was comin' to him, Jimmy says. Jimmy heard it from the Skinner boys. You know Mrs. Skinner has been trying and trying to get him to get rid of those bees. They were jest driving them wild. But Ebenezer wouldn't budge an inch. Well, yesterday afternoon he came into the barn with a load of hay. It was dreadful hot, and the horses were all sweaty; they'd come clear up from the lower meadow. Ebenezer had just started to pitch off the hay when the bees begun to sting the horses. They reared up and ran, Ebenezer on the load and yelling like mad trying to stop 'em."

"They went tearin' out of the barn, and down across that field back there; and near the foot of the hill the wheel struck a rock and the whole thing went over. It flung Ebenezer clear, but he struck on his shoulder and sprained it so that they had to carry him in and put him to bed. The wagon was broken and the harness all ripped up. The Wilson boys straightened things out for 'em finally. Then, do you know, as soon as it came dark—"

Here Emily laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, while her neighbor awaited the conclusion of the tale with open mouth and dancing eyes.

"After it came dark," resumed

Fine Tweed Caps

Men's and Boys' Fine Caps. Made of all-wool English cloths. Satin-lined. Worth \$3.00. Sizes 6½ to 7½. All colors. Cut **89c** to.

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Men's Medium Weight Sweater Coats and Pull-over Sweaters. Guaranteed pure wool. All colors. Values to \$7.50. Reduced to **\$2.95**.

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Fine quality, medium weight all wool men's tape neck jerseys. Sizes 32 to 34. All colors. Worth \$5.00. Money raising sale **\$2.45**.

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Guaranteed pure wool. Fits over head, neck and face, with opening for eyes and nose. It will pay you to buy this line now for winter wear. These caps will be easily worth \$1.00 next fall. We have a few hundred to clear at the ridiculous **25c** price of each.

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This is a High-Grade Bridle you will be proud to own. It is a genuine Regulation Artillery Riding Bridle. Double bits and 6-ft reins. Made of finest quality soft, pliable russet leather. Every one Brand New. Worth \$10. Without doubt the finest bridle offered in Canada today at anywhere near this Money Raising

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Did you ever hear of such a wonderful bargain? An all-leather lined South African Field Boot of genuine British manufacture, made of highest grade calfskin, with double sole. One of the finest all-weather boots offered to the public and suitable for either dress or work. A strong sturdy shoe that will stand every strain of severe wear and yet feel as comfortable as a pair of slippers. All sizes. Every pair Brand New. Money Raising Sale Price **\$4.45**.

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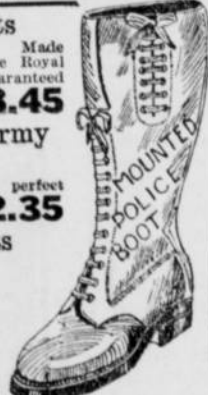
Made in England. Height 16 inches. Made of fine quality calfskin, similar to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police boot. Guaranteed solid leather. Worth \$12. Money **\$8.45** Raising Sale Price.

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New soles and heels. Every pair in perfect condition. Sizes 5 to 13. Worth **\$2.35** double the price, we ask.

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A most serviceable work shoe of extraordinary quality. Soft, pliable uppers, heavy soles, dirt-excluding bellows tongue. Very sturdy. One of the values that has made this big store famous. If you want quality and comfort combined with economy, here it is. Sensationally priced at **\$4.65**.



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Suitable for work or dress. Leather lined. Solid leather soles. Would be good value at \$6.00. All sizes. Money Raising Sale Price **\$2.98**.

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Special lot Men's High Grade Work Boots. Guaranteed solid

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Worth 25c. Money raising sale price **10c**. Per dozen **\$1.10**.

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Silk finish elastic. Regular \$1.00. Money raising price **47c**.

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Men's Fine Silk Elastic Webb Garters. Worth 50c. Money raising sale. **15c** per pair.

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Best grade horsehide. Either gauntlet or short wrist style. Worth \$2.00. New **78c**.

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65c Mule-Skin leather gloves. Cut to **29c**.

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Canada's Greatest Public Sale is fast drawing to a close. A person in Western Canada to order at once. Savings almost stagger belief. BUY NOW OR LATER in a nutshell. It would be utterly impossible to list the prices. WE ARE FORCED TO RAISE MONEY. Order NOW and save like you never before.

Army Overall Smocks

5,000 Brand New, Extra Heavy Weight Army Denim Jumpers. These jumpers are made on the shirt style and can also be used as work shirts. This is one of the outstanding values offered in this sale and is bound to create a sensation. Better buy a year's supply at this price. Worth \$3.00. Sizes 36 to 50 chest. **98c**.

Renovated Army Smocks—Same description as above. Guaranteed in perfect condition. **69c**.

Sizes 36 to 40 **49c**. Sizes for boys, ages 10 to 15 years. Renovated.

Men's and Ladies' Raincoats

2,000 High-Grade Rubber Vulcanized Tread and Cravette Raincoats. Belted models. Single and double texture coats included in this lot. Beautiful dark patterns in brown, green, blue, grey, etc. These coats would prove to sell at prices ranging from \$15 to \$20. Sizes 34 to 44 included in this lot. Money Raising Sale Price, **\$6.95**.

330 Super-Grade Men's Waterproofs. Rubberized back, convertible collar, belt all round. Can be worn for raincoat or a spring topcoat. Desirable dark patterns and colors. All sizes **\$9.95** Money Raising Sale Price.

500 Men's and Ladies' Guaranteed Waterproof Raincoats. Regular \$10 values. All sizes. **\$3.98** Cut to.

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Beautiful English Silk-lined Gabardine Raincoats. Cashmere top. Honestly worth \$35. Reduced for special Money Raising Sale **\$14.85**.

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Heavy Army Khaki Duck. Weight, 16 ounces. Guaranteed waterproof. Suitable for covering Machinery, Hay Stacks, Wagons, etc. Cut to any size from 3 feet square to 30 feet wide by 65 feet long. This canvas is all Brand New. Price per square foot **8c**.

Used Army Cotton Breeches. Renovated by the government. Guaranteed in perfect condition for girls and growing boys. Special price. **98c**.

When ordering Breeches, State Your Height and Weight to Insure Perfect Fit.

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State size required. Also give your height and approximate weight when ordering. Give name of railway and state whether there is an express agent located there. Be sure to sign your full name and address with your order. Write plainly.

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Renovated, but as good as new. Only a few hundred. **98c**. Worth \$2.50. New.

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Genuine government issue. A wonderful summer article for boys and young men. All sizes. Worth \$1.50. Money Raising Sale Price **49c**.

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Army Collapsible Water Buckets. Capacity about two gallons. Fold into small compact space when not in use. Brand new. **89c**. Reduced price.

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Army Barrack Bags. Very useful as laundry and other purposes. Worth \$1.50. Money Raising Sale Price **69c**.

BLANKETS

British Army Blankets. A new lot of the finest renovated British Blankets ever shipped to Canada, weight about 5½ to 6 pounds each. Size 70 x 90 in. pleasing dark shades, guaranteed in perfect condition. Sale price **\$1.95**.

British Army Renovated Blankets Grade Number 2, Now at **\$1.45**.

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Weight, 5½ lbs. each; guaranteed 100 per cent. pure wool. Size 70 inches by 90 inches. Dark grey or khaki. Sale price, each **\$2.45**. Grey All-Wool Double Blankets. Large size. Worth \$8.50. Brand new. Per pair **\$4.95**.

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Emily at last, "Mrs. Skinner went out and got the sulphur smoker, and smoked out those bees! She killed every last one of 'em deader'n a door nail."

"Sho now! Did she?" said Jonas with the broadest of grins. "Then I guess I can take the covers off my hives. Won't they be glad to get to work again?"

"And, Jonas!" went on the widow, "this morning, when Ebenezer heard what she'd done, he swore he'd plow up that clover field of his just as quick as he could get the crop off. He says he won't supply honey for other folks to harvest."

"Just like him! Just exactly like him! I kind of thought he might do that, before he got the bees at all. And I had an idea of how I might perhaps kind of offset it. There's that twenty-acre field of yours, Emily. You're not getting anything out of it now but

pasturage. If it was sowed to clover, it would yield three or four times as much for your cows, and be a bee-pasture, too."

"I know," replied Emily, seriously. "But I haven't got money to hire men and teams."

"Well, now, I tell you. You let me sow that piece to clover. I'll hire another horse to go with old Dolly, and perhaps Jimmy'll drive for me. I'll get the seed, too, and by another year you'll have a nice field of clover there. It won't cost you a cent, and it'll likely help me out a lot. What do you say?"

"Why, you go right ahead and do it, Jonas. I'll be glad to have you."

"Fine!" returned Jonas, happily. "I'll get right to it to-morrow. And just as quick as I get that done, I'm going to plow up three or four of my fields, and put in buckwheat. The grain will be fine for the hens, and the blos-

soms will help out the bees this season so that they can get along without Ebenezer's clover field. I'll be mighty glad to have things fixed that way. Then if Ebenezer wants to bite off his nose to spite his face, he can, for all me."

CHAPTER VI

It was three o'clock of just such a rare June day as the poet has sung. The plowing of the Widow Stone's twenty acres had been going forward for three days, but now an interruption had come in the form of a broken plow point. Jimmy had been sent to the village to get another. Just before his departure, his mother had appeared with a plate of gingerbread and a pitcher of lemonade to help sustain the spirits of the workers. The hopeful youth had consumed about half the contents of the pitcher, and had taken the short

Army Knife Bayonet Best of finest steel. Hard-handle. 4 1/2-in. brass blade 12 in. Complete brand new scabbard loops for attaching to belt. Worth \$5.00. Money raising sale \$1.19	Army Unlined Mitts Thumb and one finger. Finest buckskin finished horsehide work gloves. Adjustable wrist strap. Worth \$1.75. Money raising sale 58c	Pure Wool Underwear One thousand dozen pure wool super quality ribbed underwear; heavy weight. Worth \$2.50 per garment. Now, each \$1.39	English Tweed Pants 2,000 pairs of English Tweed Pants. Sizes 29 to 33 only. Worth about \$3.50. Brand new. Special \$1.25 per pair.	Men's Mackinaw Coats Pure wool, 32-oz. cloth; all sizes. Regular \$15.00. Sale price \$4.98	Marine Tunics Made of genuine government all-wool serge. Brand new. Sizes 31 to 36, to fit growing boys only. We have sold thousands of these at \$2.45. Money Raising Sale Special Price 98c
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Officers' Leather Leggings—Highest quality. All sizes. Now **\$2.65**
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Genuine Army Regulation Puttees. All wool. 102 inches long, 4 inches wide. Reclaimed. Money Raising Sale. Price, per pair. **49c**

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Finest quality all wool, brand new English wrap leggings. 104 inches long, 4 inches wide. Worth \$3.50. Sale price **\$1.25**

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Antennas
Illustrated. Regular Canteens (Water canteen with chain. Part. Money **49c**

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Army Aluminum Mess Kits. Fine for Campers. Reduced to **49c**

Harvester Bunk Blankets
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\$1.00 Rubber Belts. Grained rubber. Has appearance of leather. Adjustable clasp. All sizes. Now **23c**

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Men's Sweater Coats; medium weight, V-neck. All sizes. Reduced. Price each **\$1.45**

Army Wool Socks

Heavy Weight All-Wool Army Socks. Extraordinary quality. Worth **43c**
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Made of the finest Sheffield steel. World's celebrated manufacturer. Fine vegetable ivory handle. Will take the strongest beard with ease. Razor cheap at \$3.50. Complete in case **39c**



As Illustrated **33c**
\$3.00 Genuine Auto Strop Safety Razor and Strop. Extra Blades and Case, 10,000 only. Will sell like hot-cakes at **33c**

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Army Kit Bags. Money Raising Sale Price **69c**

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Hardwood back. Made to government standard. Entire government stock purchased by us. Amazing value at, each **10c**
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Good stiff bristles. Get yours while the going is good **10c**

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Men's Light Weight Spring Needle Union Suits
Silk-bound edges. Superb quality. All sizes. Worth \$3.50. Sensational value. Money-Raising Sale. **\$1.39**
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Cooper's High Grade Spring Needle Medium Weight Union Suits. Silk-bound edges, reinforced seams. Worth \$4.00. Money-Raising Sale Price. **\$1.95**
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Wool Underwear
British Officers' Pure Wool Shirts. Worth \$3.00 each. Price per garment, now **98c**

Men's Light Weight Ribbed Cotton Union Suits
Worth \$2.00. All sizes. Money-Raising Sale Price, per suit **98c**

Men's Negligee Shirts
A good quality Sunday Dress Shirt, with-out collar. All sizes. Worth **98c**
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Summer Underwear
Genuine Army Balbriggan Undershirts and Drawers. Superior quality, entirely different from the balbriggan quality offered by other mail order houses. Worth \$1.00 each. Sale price, each **49c**

Men's Fine Khaki Cotton Shirts. Well made. Full cut. Worth \$1.75. Sizes 14 to 16 1/2. Reduced to **98c**

Army Fatigue Shirts. Made of the heaviest army khaki drill. Two flap pockets. Military buttons. Regular government issue shirts that will stand the hardest wear. Worth about \$2.75. Sizes 64 to 18. Now **\$1.49**

Khaki Wool Shirts. Full cut, roomy shirts that are made on the officers' style shirts. Double flap pockets. Double reinforced elbows. Sizes 14 to 17 1/2. A strong serviceable shirt for work or camping. Worth \$4.00. Money-Raising Sale **\$1.98**

Men's Fine Military Flannel Wool Shirts. All colors. Sizes 14 to 17 1/2. Worth \$3.00. Money-Raising Sale **\$1.49**

Army Breeches

Reclaimed Army Wool Serge Breeches. Renovated by the government. Some require minor repairs. For growing boys and men only. Two hip pockets, watch pocket and belt loops. Sizes 28 to 32. Money-Raising Sale Price, per pair **97c**

Bedford Cord Breeches. Five pockets, belt loops, laced bottoms. Highest quality. Sizes 30 to 34. Worth \$4.50. Brand new. Money-Raising Sale Price **\$2.45**

Khaki Wool Serge Breeches. Five pockets, belt loops, laced bottoms. Sizes 30 to 34. Worth \$5.00. Money-Raising Sale **\$2.95**

Army Cotton Breeches. Regulation government issue. All sizes. Brand new. Price per pair **\$1.95**

British Army Towels

Large size colored Turkish Towels, heavy weight. Sale price, **89c**
Per pair

Table Cloths

Government Shipping Board Brand New Damask Linen Table Cloths. Large size. **\$2.45**
Sensational value. Each

Trousers

Men's Pure Wool Trousers
Made of fine worsteds, cashmeres, etc. Beautiful dark patterns. Worth \$7.00. Sizes 32 to 44. Special **\$2.95** per pair

Army Fatigue Pants
Made of heavy khaki denim. Will stand the hardest wear. Five pockets, belt loops and cuffs. All sizes. Money-Raising Sale **\$1.98**

Khaki Serge Pants
Genuine British Government Pure Wool Khaki Serge Pants. Without a doubt the highest quality and best wearing trousers offered to Western farmers today. These pants could not be manufactured under present conditions to be sold for less than \$9.00 per pair. Sizes 31 to 40 only. **\$3.49**
Reduced to

tasted like—but I reckon it wasn't so awful bad."

"My land! Jonas Bird," cried Emily, rapturously, "you've got more spunk and contrivance than I ever supposed you had. Sending those bees home drunk, to raise Cain with Ebenezer! I'm glad clear down through me to think how you came it over that old skindint! Now he hasn't got any bees, and he's out all he paid for them."

Just then the sound of wheels was heard in the roadway, and Jonas discerned the top of John Powell's buggy beyond the lilac bushes. His face, which had been glowing, immediately became overcast and sad looking.

"I guess you're going to have company, Emily," he said.

The widow glanced toward the front of the house and recognized the rig that now stood there. John Powell was hitching his mare to the post. Jonas' heart sank, and, in spite of Emily's gingerbread, he had a miserable, empty feeling at the waistband. He had never been so happy in his life as in the last half hour; his courage was higher and his tongue freer than it had ever been in the presence of Emily Stone. Jimmy wouldn't be back for quite a while yet; and maybe Emily would have stayed out there on the bench till he appeared.

Emily rose and looked again toward the front door; then she said, in the half-whisper of a conspirator: "He's knocking and knocking on the door. I'm not going near it."

She was peeking out through a little gap between the grape leaves, and her face had the look of mischief that Jonas remembered so well from those halcyon days when he used to go over to spend Saturday afternoons with the Williams boys, and when Emily, then a little tom-boy, with bright black eyes and tumbled curls, would join them at playing hide-and-seek. He held his breath.

"I'll just let him think I've gone off somewhere," said Emily after a minute or two. "He sees your horses; but he can't see anybody around. Oh! there he goes now. He's unhitching his horses again."

The rattle of wheels was heard, and Emily turned to resume her seat on the bench. Jonas had moved up nearer the end so that the space left for her was much more limited. Apparently, however, she did not notice this. Settling herself comfortably, she fanned her glowing face with her handkerchief.

Jonas was sitting very close to her—closer than ever before. Her black eyes were just as pretty as ever, and her plump, womanly form was charming beyond words.

Twice he started to speak, and twice he gulped helplessly. At last he said in a queer breathless way, his voice sounding in his own ears as if it came from a hundred feet away: "I believe my bees are going to do pretty fair this year, inspite of everything."

"That's fine," said Emily, demurely.

"Yes, they're as busy as they can be, honey-gathering. Now that, with your help, I've got the question of bee pasture settled, I believe my little place is going to do better for me than anyone would think."

"I'm very glad for you, I'm sure," said Emily, softly. Her lips were like the cherries he could see on the tree over the well.

Suddenly Jonas, the timid, became a brave man. His strong right arm encircled Emily's waist and drew her closer still to his side.

"Emily," he said hotly, "we're kind of partners in this work we're doing now, aren't we? And it's wonderful—wonderful—for me, anyway. Why can't we be partners right along in everything? Why shouldn't we? Oh, Emily, don't turn your face away!"

For answer Emily placed her hands on his shoulders and kissed him squarely on the mouth. Jonas was steeped in bliss.

"Oh, I love you, Emily," he gasped.

Emily laughed happily. Her face seemed to the crowned and enchanted lover more beautiful, if possible, than before.

"Jonas," she said, "I didn't hardly believe you'd ever get up the spunk to say it. I guess those bees must have stirred you up even more than they did Ebenezer."

cut across the pasture, provisioned for the journey with a big slab of gingerbread. Jonas and the widow seated themselves on a bench under the old Porter appletree which had been overgrown by grapevines. Jonas, feeding that the horses would be the better for a good rest, had not urged Jimmy to hurry.

Emily had finished a glass of the lemonade, and Jonas, whose appetite was good, was demonstrating his complete approval of her baking. Suddenly Emily burst out laughing, and Jonas, with a half-eaten wedge of gingerbread in his hand, burned with the fear that he had committed some ridiculous blunder. At the same time he wistfully realized that Emily was every bit as pretty as she had been in their younger years. Her cheeks were as pink as a girl's. When she laughed, her black eyes danced, and she showed

the dimples that he remembered so well as elements of the precious smiles she had bestowed on him in his courting days.

"Oh, I can't get over that bee business at Ebenezer Skinner's," gasped Emily, wiping her eyes. "As long as there wasn't anybody killed, I wouldn't have missed havin' it happen for a farm."

"I see Ebenezer's out again," said Jonas.

"Yes, and they aren't havin' any more trouble with bees. Say, Jonas, what in the world do you s'pose did make 'em act so? I never heard anything like it—black bees or any other kind."

Jonas was looking across the sunny field. His mouth was serious, but curious little crinkles appeared at the corners of his eyes.

"Well, the Good Book tells us that we shouldn't give our neighbor drink; but I don't know—I ain't sure. Anyhow I haven't ever heard anything against giving it to your neighbor's bees."

Emily clutched his arm. Her eyes danced with delight.

"Jonas Bird, do you mean—did you give those bees something?"

"Well, of course I had to feed 'em some. They'd been gettin' lots of honey from my hives; and I couldn't let 'em starve. There was some hives they could get into, and there was feeders full of syrup for 'em in those hives."

"Oh, you old fraud, you! What did you put into it?"

"They seemed to like it first rate, Jonas said thoughtfully. "Being a strict temperance man, I hadn't drunk any of it, so I don't know just what it

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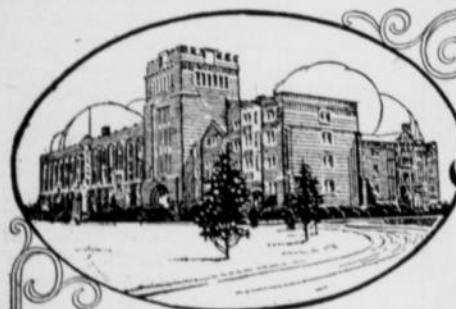
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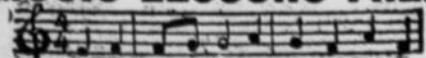
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THE BLIND MAN'S EYES

By WILLIAM MACHARG AND EDWIN BALMER

(Continued from Last Week)

CHAPTER XXII

The Man Hunt

THE rolling, ravine-gullied land where Harriet had left Eaton was wooded thickly with oaks, maples and ash; the ground between these trees was clear of undergrowth upon the higher parts of the land, but its lower stretches and the ravines themselves were shrouded with closely growing bushes rising higher than a man's waist, and where they grew rankest, higher than a man's head. In summer, when trees and bushes were covered with leaves, this underbrush offered cover where a man could conceal himself perfectly; now, in the early spring before the trees had even budded, that man would be visible for some distance by day and nearly as clearly visible by night if the headlights of the motor-cars chanced to shine into the woods.

Eaton, fully realizing this chance as he left Harriet, had plunged through the bushes to conceal himself in the ravine. The glare from the burning bridge lighted the ravine for only a little way; Eaton had gained the bottom of the ravine beyond the point where this light would have made him visible and had made the best speed he could along it away from the lights and voices on the road. This speed was not very great; his stockinged feet sank to their ankles in the soft mud of the ravine; and when, realizing that he was leaving a trace easily followed even by lantern-light, he clambered to the steep side and tried to travel along its slope, he found his progress slower still. In the darkness he crashed sometimes full against the tree-trunks; bushes which he could not see seized and held him, ripping and tearing at his clothes; invisible, fallen saplings tripped him, and he stepped into unseen holes which threw him headlong, so that twice he rolled clear to the bottom of the ravine with fierce, hot pains which nearly deprived him of his senses shooting through his wounded shoulder.

When he had made, as he thought, fully three-quarters of a mile in this way and must be, allowing for the winding of the ravine, at least half a mile from his pursuers, he climbed to the brink of the bank and looked back. He was not as he thought, half a mile from the road; he was not a quarter of a mile; he could still see plainly the lights of the three motor cars upon the road and men moving in the flare of these lights. He was certain that he had recognized the figure of Avery among these men. Pursuit of him, however, appeared to have been checked for the moment; he heard neither voices nor any movement in the woods. Eaton, panting, threw himself down to recover breath and strength to think.

There was no question in Eaton's mind what his fate would be if he surrendered to, or was captured by, his pursuers. What he had seen in Santoine's study an hour before was so unbelievable, so completely undemonstrable unless he himself could prove his story that he felt that he would receive no credence. Blatchford, who had seen it in the light in the study, was dead; Santoine, who would have seen it if he had had eyes, was blind. Eaton, still almost stunned and yet wildly excited by that sight, felt only, in the mad confusion of his senses, the futility of telling what he had seen unless he were in a position to prove it. Those opposed to him would put his statement aside with the mere answer that he was lying; the most charitably inclined would think only that what he had been through had driven him insane.

Besides, Eaton was not at all sure that even if he had attempted to tell what he had seen he would be allowed to tell it, or, if he attempted to surrender to the men now pursuing him, he would be allowed to surrender. Donald Avery was clearly in command of those men and was directing the pursuit; in Avery, Eaton had recognized an instinctive enemy from the first; and now, since the polo game, he sensed vaguely in Avery something more than that. What Avery's exact position was in

regard to himself Eaton was not at all sure; but of Avery's active hostility he had received full evidence; and he knew now—though how he knew it was not plain even to himself—that Avery would not allow him to surrender but that, if he tried to give himself up, the men under Avery's orders would shoot him down.

As Eaton watched, the motor, which from its position on the road he knew must be Harriet's, backed out from the others and went away. The other motors immediately afterward were turned and followed it. But Eaton could see that they left behind them a man standing armed near to the bridge, and that other men, also armed, passed through the light as they scrambled across the ravine and gained the road on its opposite side. The motors, too, stopped at intervals and then went on; he understood that they were posting men to watch the road. He traced the motor headlights a long way through the dark; one stopped, the other went on. He remembered vaguely a house near the place where the car he watched had stopped, and understanding that where there was a house there was a telephone, he knew that the alarm must be given still more widely now; men on all sides of him must be turning out to watch the roads. He knew they did turn out like that when the occasion demanded.

These waste places bordering upon the lake to the north and south of Chicago, and within easy car-ride of the great city, had been the scene of many such man-hunts. Hobos, gypsies, broken men thrown off by the seething city, wandered through them and camped there; startling crimes took place sometimes in these tiny wildernesses; fugitives from the city police took refuge there and were hunted down by the local police, by armed details of the city police, by soldiers from Fort Sheridan. These fugitives might much better have stayed in the concealment of the human jungle of the city; these rolling, wooded, sandy vacant lands which seemed to offer refuge, in reality betrayed only into certain capture. The local police had learned the method of hunting, they had learned to watch the roads and railways to prevent escape.

Eaton understood, therefore, that his own possibility of escape was very small, even if escape had been his only object; but Eaton's problem was not one of escape—it was to find those he pursued and make certain that they were captured at the same time he was; and, as he crouched panting on the damp earth, he was thinking only of that.

The man at the bridge—Dibley—had told enough to let Eaton know that those whom Eaton pursued were no longer in the machine he had followed with Harriet. As Eaton had rushed out of Santoine's study after the two that he had fought there, he had seen that one of these men was supporting and helping the other; he had gained on them because of that. Then other men had appeared suddenly, to give their help, and he had no longer been able to gain; but he had been close enough to see that the one they dragged along and helped into the car was that enemy whose presence in the study had so amazed him. Mad exultation had seized Eaton to know that he had seriously wounded his adversary. He knew now that the man could not have got out of the car by himself—he was too badly wounded for that; he had been taken out of the car, and the other men who were missing had him in charge. The three men who had gone on in the machine had done so for their own escape, but with the added object of misleading the pursuit; the water they had got at Dibley's had been to wash the blood from the car.

And now, as Eaton recalled and realized all this, he knew where the others had left the machine. Vaguely, during the pursuit, he had sensed that Harriet was swinging their motor car in a great circle, first to the north, then west, then to the south. Two or three miles back upon the road, before they had made their turn to the south, Eaton had lost for a few moments the track

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of the car they had been following. He had picked it up again at once and before he could speak of it to Harriet; but now he knew that at that point the car they were following had left the road, turning off on to the turf at the side and coming back on to the road a hundred yards beyond.

This place must be nearly due north of him. The road where he had left Harriet ran north and south; to go north he must parallel this road, but it was dangerous to move too near to it because it was guarded. The sky was covered with clouds hiding the stars; the night in the woods was intensely black except where it was lighted by the fire at the bridge. To the opposite side, a faint grey glow against the clouds, which could not be the dawn but must be the reflection of the electric lights along the public pike which followed the shore of the lake, gave Eaton inspiration. If he kept this greyishness of the clouds always upon his right, he would be going north.

The wound in Eaton's shoulder still welled blood each time he moved; he tore strips from the front of his shirt, knotted them together and bound his useless left arm tightly to his side. He felt in the darkness to be sure that there was a fresh clip of cartridges in his automatic pistol; then he started forward.

For the first time now he comprehended the almost impossibility of travelling in the woods on a dark night. To try to walk swiftly was to be checked after only two or three steps by sharp collision with some tree-trunk which he could not see before he felt it, or brought to a full stop by clumps of tangled, thorny bushes which enmeshed him, or to be tripped or thrown by some inequality of the ground. When he went round any of these obstacles he lost his sense of direction and wasted minutes before he could find again the dim light against the eastern sky which gave him the compass-points.

As he struggled forward, impatient at these delays, he came several times upon narrow, unguarded roads and crossed them; at other times the little wilderness which protected him changed suddenly to a well-kept lawn where some great house with its garages and outbuildings loomed ahead, and afraid to cross these open places, he was obliged to retrace his steps and find a way round. The distance from the bridge to the place where the three men he was following had got out of their motor, he had thought to be about two miles; but when he had been travelling more than an hour, he had not yet reached it. Then, suddenly he came upon the road for which he was looking; somewhere to the east along it was the place he sought. He crouched as near to the road as he dared and where he could look up and down it. This being a main road, was guarded. A motor car with armed men in it passed him, and presently repassed, evidently patrolling the road; its lights showed him a man with a gun standing at the first bend of the road to the east. Eaton drew further back and moved parallel to the road but far enough away from it to be hidden. A quarter of a mile further he found a second man. The motor car, evidently, was patrolling only to this point; another car was on duty beyond this. As Eaton halted, this second car approached, and was halted, backed and turned.

Its headlights, as it turned, swept through the woods and revealed Eaton. The man standing in the road cried out the alarm and fired at Eaton point blank; he fired a second and third time. Eaton fled madly back into the shadow; as he did so, he heard the men crying to one another and leaping from the car and following him. He found low ground less thickly wooded, and plunged along it. It was not difficult to avoid the men in the blackness of the woods; he made a wide circuit and came back again to the road further on. He could still hear for a time the sounds of the hunt on the turf. Apparently he had not yet reached the right spot; he retreated to the woods, went further along and came back to the road, lying flat upon his face again and waiting till some other car in passing should give him light to see.

Eaton, weak and dizzy from his wounds and confused by darkness and

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his struggle through the woods, had no exact idea how long it had taken him to get to this place; but he knew that it could have been hardly less than two hours since he had left Harriet. The men he was following, therefore, had that much start of him, and this made him wild with impatience but did not discourage him. His own wounds, Eaton understood, made his escape practically impossible, because anyone who saw him would at once challenge and detain him; and the other man was still more seriously wounded. It was not his escape that Eaton feared; it was concealment of him. The man had been taken from the car because his condition was so serious that there was no hope of hiding it; Eaton thought he must be dead. He expected to find the body concealed under dead leaves, hurriedly hidden.

The night had cleared a little; to the north, Eaton could see stars. Suddenly the road and the leafless bushes at its sides flashed out in the bright light of a motor car passing. Eaton strained forward. He had found the place; there was no doubt a car had turned off the road some time before and stopped there. The passing of many cars had so tracked the road that none of the men in the motors seemed to have noticed anything of significance there; but Eaton saw plainly in the soft ground at the edge of the woods the footmarks of two men walking one behind the other. When the car had passed, he crept forward in the dark and fingered the distinct heel and toe marks in the soft soil. For a little distance he could follow them by feeling; then as they led him into the edge of the woods the ground grew harder and he could no longer follow them in that way.

It was plain to him what had occurred; two men had got out of the car here and had lifted out and carried away a third. He knelt where he could feel the last footsteps he could detect and looked around. The grey of the electric lights to the east seemed growing, spreading; against this lightness in the sky he could see plainly the branches of the trees; he recognized then that the greyness was the coming of the dawn. It would be only a few minutes before he could see plainly enough to follow the tracks. He drew aside into the deeper cover of some bushes to wait.

The wound in his shoulder no longer bled, but the pain of it twinged him through and through; his head throbbed with the hurt there; his feet were raw and bleeding where sharp roots and branches had cut through his socks and torn the flesh; his skin was hot and dry with fever, and his head swam. He followed impatiently the slow whitening of the east; as soon as he could make out the ground in front of him, he crept forward again to the tracks.

There was not yet light enough to see any distance, but Eaton, accustomed to the darkness and bending close to the ground, could discern the footmarks even on the harder soil. They led away from the road into the woods. On the rotted leaves and twigs was a dark stain; a few steps beyond there was another. The stains had sunk into the damp ground but were plainer on the leaves; Eaton picking up a leaf and fingering it, knew that they were blood. So the man was not dead when he had been lifted from the car. But he had been hurt desperately, was unable to help himself, was probably dying; if there had been any hope for him, his companions would not be carrying him in this way away from any chance of surgical attention.

Continued on Page 27

Bad Both Ways

Charles' mother was reproving him for not being more tidy about his hair, when his uncle, who was very bald, thinking to soothe his feelings, said:

"Charles, don't you wish you were as bald as I? Then you wouldn't have any hair to comb."

Charles heaved a long sigh of resignation.

"No, I don't," he said. "There would be that much more face to wash."

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ON most western farms to obtain fresh meat is quite a problem in the good old summer time. Where beef-rings are well organized the question is partly solved, but where the farm wife has to rely upon the visits of the travelling butcher, it is often hard to give variety to smoked meats. However, if carefully prepared they are most delicious. You do not need to fry or boil ham, as there are fully a dozen different ways to serve it. At one home where I boarded we had cold boiled ham for breakfast, cold boiled ham for dinner and more cold boiled ham for supper, until I could not meet a pig and treat it civilly! Try baking the ham after you have par-boiled it. Trim it nicely, par-boil it, then let it cool in its own liquid. Rub it with brown sugar and flour, stick in cloves about every fourth inch, then bake in a medium oven until it is a golden brown; served on a large platter in a ring of stuffed tomatoes, this is fit food for a king, and beats "cold boiled" all to pieces.

Another nice dish is made by taking a two-inch cut from the inside of a ham and baking it in the oven in milk. Cook slowly, putting several pieces of stick cinnamon with the meat. When baked make a cream gravy out of the milk left, pour over the ham and serve hot.

Scalloped potatoes with ham is another favorite dish of mine. Slice raw potatoes into a casserole in which a tablespoonful of butter has been melted. Add a slice or two of onion for flavor; then put in a layer of potatoes, dots of butter, pepper and salt, if you are sure your ham is not too salty. If it is salty do not salt the potatoes. Then add slices of the meat, one-quarter-inch thick. Cover with another layer of potatoes and continue in this way until the dish is nearly full. Sprinkle with flour, pour in scalded milk to cover, add a cupful of cream and bake slowly. This is fine for a wash-day meal, as it is ready to serve in the same dish.

Dish for Sunday Night

Royal scallop is a good dish to serve for Sunday night tea. Run boiled ham or smoked unboiled ham through the coarse knives of the grinder. Have ready cold boiled eggs and run these through the chopper as well. In a casserole place a layer of chopped ham, then a layer of eggs, then a layer of coarse bread or cracker crumbs. When the dish is almost full pour in a medium cream sauce and cover with a layer of buttered crumbs. When it is served the layers of egg and the pink ham makes an attractive dish.

Before serving a boiled ham too often I grind up a generous portion of it for sandwiches or I fill hard-boiled eggs with a mixture of mashed yolk, chopped ham and salad dressing to serve at tea time on hot days, when we eat on the porch.

Or I use the ground meat in omelettes, putting it into the eggs or on top of the omelette just before folding. To make a Dutch omelette cut the ham or bacon into squares and brown in the frying pan. Take an egg for each person and beat till light; then thicken the milk and add to the egg. I use about as much thickened milk as for cream gravy, or if extra cream sauce is left over I use it for thickening, as it makes the omelette lighter and more tasty. Then at the last the diced ham or bacon is added and the omelette is cooked in the usual way. Serve with maple syrup or a hot tomato sauce.

Then there are many ways of preparing bacon. The one we like best in summer is one my grandmother used to prepare, called, as nearly as I can spell it, Cartuffle Salade, or Hot Potato Salad, made in this manner: Have plenty of cold sliced potatoes in readiness. Put lettuce leaves on a large platter, dice your potatoes into a big kettle or bowl, cutting up a generous amount of green onions with them (dried onions may be used if the others

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HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

are not obtainable). Dice several cups of bacon fried in the skillet, when brown pour off part of the grease. If you have cider vinegar add a cupful or so, depending upon the amount of potatoes. When this heats through pour it over the potatoes and onion, and put all on to the big platter. This may not sound good, but it is mighty tasty. If your vinegar is strong use half water, or your salad will be too sour. My grandmother used to rub the bowl with a clove of garlic before she put the potatoes into it—dare I tell that part? This gave just a suggestion of garlic taste, which was good. Many a famous chef rubs his roasts with a clove of garlic before cooking or baking.

For our out-of-door picnics we prepare sandwiches of fried bacon. When we are ready to eat we toast these sandwiches over an open fire, using forked sticks for toasting forks. I have fried them in hot butter, when an unexpected rain spoiled our picnic, and they were very nice that way.

But I have left for my last a most appetizing dish—one that was hailed by shrieks of delight in my childhood days. It is a dish known to the Pennsylvania Mennonites as Snits and Kneep. It is a wonderful dish of culinary art, and may be either a dessert or the main part of the meal.

To make Snits and Kneep, which translated into English means nothing more nor less than Sweet Dried Apples

and Dumplings, take a ham bone having plenty of meat left on it. Dried apples are soaked over-night. Early in the morning the ham bone is put on to boil, and is boiled in several changes of water. About 10 o'clock the dried apples are added, and the whole pulled back to simmer away until noon. The dumplings are made of a quart of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, salt, two tablespoons of melted shortening. Milk is added to make a good drop dough. These dumplings are dropped into the mixture, which should be kept boiling hard and closely covered for 15 minutes. The Snits and Kneep are then served upon one monstrous platter, the pink boiled ham in the centre, the golden syrupy dumplings outside, with quarters of delicious dried apples scattered through the whole mixture. This dish is quite successful substituting raisins for the apples, but it takes the old-fashioned dried sweet apple to give just exactly the right taste to this delectable dish.—Marilla R. Whitmore.



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OUR NATIVE TREES

A study of the Larches

By DAN McCOWAN

THE larches or tamaracs are cone bearers which shed all their needles each year, leaving the trees bare during the winter. Three varieties are found growing in Canada, two of them being native to the West. The tamarac proper is distributed from the Atlantic ocean to the Rocky Mountains, and forms part



In the autumn the Alpine Larch take on a beautiful yellow shade

of the great forest which extends to the northern limit of tree growth. The Western larch is peculiar to South-eastern British Columbia, while the Alpine larch grows on the slopes and plateaus of the Rockies where the air is too rarified for any other species of tree to thrive.

The tamarac, when full grown, is about 70 feet high, and measures from 18 to 24 inches in diameter. It is a straight slender tree with bark that is

scaly but not ridged. The leaves or needles upon this tree grow in clusters of from 12 to 20, these emerging from knobby spurs on the twigs. The cone flowers are purplish in color. The cones, standing erect upon the twigs, are rarely more than half an inch in length and are of a dark brown color. The twigs are very pliable.

The Western larch attains to great size, mature trees with a height of 150 feet and a girth of 15 feet being common. The leaves of this tree grow in tufts numbering from 14 to 30. The twigs are brittle.

The Alpine larch, exposed to the rude rough winds which sweep its habitat, is stunted in appearance. This circumstance, together with its growing in somewhat inaccessible places, renders it an unsuitable wood for commercial purposes. It is, however, a tree of graceful appearance, the foliage in spring being lettuce green in color, and much more feathery than that of the spruce and pine. In autumn the leaves turn to a bright yellow color, at which time the narrow belt of larch trees hemming the upper edge of the pine forest may be distinguished from afar off. The needle-like leaves on this tree are grouped in bunches of from 30 to 40. The Alpine larch is a tree of slow growth. Examination of the annular rings on a specimen which had been uprooted last winter in Larch Valley, near Moraine Lake, showed that it had taken this tree over 500 years to attain a height of 25 feet and a girth of 50 inches. It must have been quite a sturdy sapling when Columbus discovered America.

Larch wood does not ignite easily and is slow to burn. On account of this and by reason of its durability, even when immersed permanently in water, it was held in high esteem by shipbuilders of a former age. The old wooden battleships were almost invariably faced with larch timber, which, for this purpose was said to be superior to oak.

The Indians of Western Canada found many uses for the larch tree. From its roots were obtained "Watap," a thin, tough, fibrous thread used in sewing together the sheets of birch bark which formed the shell of their canoes. The gum which oozes from the bark of the western larch being sweet and starchy was esteemed as food by the hungry red men of the Pacific coast. The soft inner bark of the tamarac was also eaten by the Indians. Mashed into a pulp, this substance was moulded into small cakes, these, wrapped in leaves of skunk cabbage, being baked amongst hot stones and embers. Afterwards, to ensure their keeping, the cakes were thoroughly smoked. When required for a meal, the larch "hard tack" was broken in pieces and boiled.

For strength and durability the wood of the larch is almost equal to that of the Douglas fir. It is at present used extensively for pumps, tanks, cisterns, silos and for piling. Mine props, poles and fencing are other uses to which this timber is put.

Larches suitable for shade and ornament have been imported from Europe to Canada. These trees are said to thrive in any soil and to produce a much more luxuriant foliage than that of our native larches.



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All patterns 15c each, stamps or coin (coin preferred).

An Apostle of the North

Continued from Page 7

"Tell him I have eaten a number of my people" says another, the confession passing through an aged "bonne femme" called Houle, who once, being a terrific pagan, and the "bully" of the Simpson-Liard route, had become a Christian, a saccristan, and a champion of Catholicity.

Despite these confessions, Father Grouard was always finding some good in people. Speaking of the Nahana Indians of the Dene tribe, the so-called Bad People (Mauvais Monde), he says, "I never met better people in all my life."

It was this sturdy lustrous spirit, this fine fluent intelligence, that enabled him to lead these barbaric tribesmen

out of their spiritual and mental captivity. Although the redmen had no fixed habitation, being always on the march for game or fishing grounds; although they were cruel, superstitious and haunted by fear of hunger, still the young priest was forever devising means for their benefit and betterment.

Yes, Grouard was a teacher by nature, and so we find him assembling his pupils in poplar groves, in tamarac swamps, in sloughs, or on the river banks where they camped of evenings.

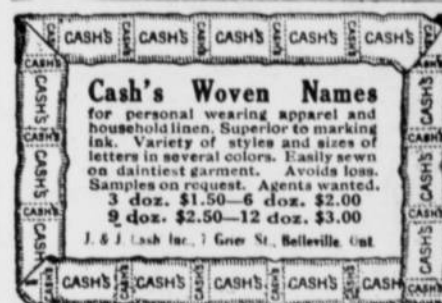
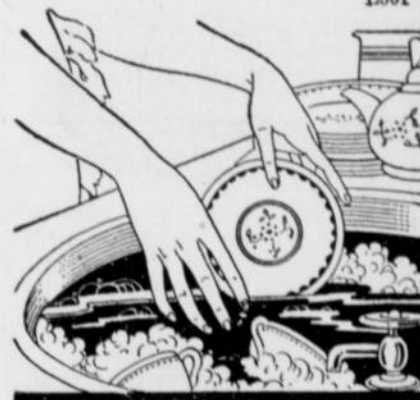
Maybe, these were only kindergarten classes, but still they were undoubtedly classes, so that the hearts of the people burned within them by the way, like the hearts of those men who once walked down the road to Emmaus. Truly, good gentlefolk, it requires picked and polished men for

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BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU

this work in the north—fellows with sympathy for the lowly and obscure.

And Now at a Ripe Age

And now, at the age of 86, Bishop Grouard is still a mighty traveler. In March of the present year, we find him setting out on an arduous trip to one of the mission stations in his vicariate, this station being situated 90 miles from a railroad. This meant camping in the open, sleeping upon a bed of snow, and braving the wind and weather. The end of the journey found

him hale and hearty and ready for another adventure.

"And has there come peace and rest to his old age?" you ask.

It depends upon your interpretation of the words. Rather we would say that his age is beautiful, in that he lived a beautiful youth. The sage of Aurora was right when he declared, "we ourselves are posterity, and every man is his own ancestor."

That it is restful, we can hardly agree. At 86, Bishop Grouard refuses to take advantage of the privileges of age. He rises with the rest of the community and follows his daily routine with the strict exactness of a novice.

His lordship attends to his business himself; keeps in touch with everything and takes a keen interest in the politics and problems of the day. Lately he indited his memoirs in a volume of 440 pages, written without even the aid of spectacles.

One who is privileged to be with him writes how "time seems to have touched the venerable patriarch but lightly since his golden jubilee. As you saw him then, so is he to-day—a trifle less sprightly, perhaps a little more deaf, but with the same grand intelligence and wonderful memory. His quaint

humor has lost none of its charm, and his clever spiritual regards are as delightful as ever. . . . Most elderly people are given to fault-finding. The Bishop is an exception to this rule, and is ever courteous, kind, and gravely tender to those who approach him.

"We are doing our best to preserve the existence of this 'grand old man,' model of all manly and Christian virtues, and of whom we are justly proud. It was, indeed, a satisfaction to all the bishop's friends and co-workers to see that his country recognized his merits and conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

A Glance Backward

When the writer of this letter speaks of "his country," the reference is to France, where Emil Grouard was born in the diocese of Le Mans, on the second day of February, 1840.

Twenty years later, his cousin, the newly-consecrated Bishop Grandin, brought him to Canada in order that he might complete his theological studies in the Seminary, at Quebec, before becoming an Oblate novice.

Two years after coming to Canada, Grouard was ordained a priest and sent to the hinterlands of the north.

In 1891—twenty-nine years later—he was consecrated Bishop of Iborra and Vicar Apostolic of Athabasca-Mackenzie, by His Grace, Archbishop Tache, at St. Boniface, across the river from old Fort Garry, now known to the world as the City of Winnipeg.

During his 65 years in Canada, Bishop Grouard, with only one exception, has never absented himself from his work, unless to attend a conference.

This exception was in 1873-4 when he lost his voice entirely and showed other symptoms of an alarming nature. On this occasion he was sent to Europe for special care, but returned to the north two years later with the acquirement of further technical knowledge in printing, book-binding, building, drawing and painting, part of the time having been spent in Italy.

It was in 1897, during the period of the gold rush to the Klondyke, that Bishop Grouard petitioned for a division of his vicariate. The request seemed quite a reasonable one when we consider that this vicariate included over 100,000 square miles.

Two years later, Bishop Gabriel Breyer, was named Vicar Apostolic for the Mackenzie and Yukon, leaving to Bishop Grouard the southerly division of Athabasca and Peace River. Later, Father Jousard, was named as coadjutor to Bishop Grouard, and still continues in this position.

The headquarters of the present Athabasca Vicariate is at St. Bernard's Mission, Grouard, on the Lesser Slave Lake, this mission with its hospital, convent, school, and See House, being founded in the year 1871. It is here that His Lordship, Bishop Grouard, resides.

And it was here on March 14, 1925, that Louis Frederic Roquette, special envoy of the president of France, himself a distinguished author and explorer, accompanied by a distinguished company of jurists, legislators, railway magnates, and by representatives of the Hudson Bay Company, bestowed upon his lordship, the coveted symbol of honor awarded by his native country.

That he may live to wear it 'till he asks for release, is the wish of even those among us who are of other and varied faiths.

THE DOO DADS

Even an elephant, a baby elephant, gets cross now and then if it is abused—and Tiny felt very much abused. He was hungry and sleepy, and his master, Nicky Nutt, of Dooville, could not buy him anything to eat, and Flannelfeet, the Dooville police man, batted him with his club every time he found him nodding in the street. Tiny was sleepy again, and Flannelfeet had just caught him nodding in the public highway. He had spanked him soundly with his club, and was scolding him when Nicky came by, holding a great bunch of balloons by their strings. They were so big and Nicky so small, that they almost lifted him off his feet. "And every time I catch you sleeping in the middle of the street you'll get the same dose," the policeman was saying. Tiny looked piteously at his master. It seemed a long time since he had eaten anything, and he wanted his dinner. But Nicky was cross—besides he did not have the money to buy anything. "Beat it," he said to his elephant. "I don't care if you are hungry, I'm not working hard selling balloons just to buy you something to eat." Nicky saw the policeman, and saw that he was very cross so he hastened to make promises. "Honest, Flannelfeet," he said, "I'll pay you that fifty cents I owe you, just as soon as I sell my balloons." "See that you do," replied the Cop, "or I'll give you what I just gave the elephant." Tiny had been merely hungry and sad before; this made him angry, and he began to plan to get revenge. He looked at Nicky, who could hardly keep his feet on the ground while the balloons pulled so hard at their strings. If the wind should blow he knew his master would be lifted off his feet. Very well, he would see that it did blow. Tiny levelled his long trunk at the balloons, puffed out his cheeks, and blew, and blew, and blew. The great bunch of balloons began to shake and tug at their strings, and they pulled harder than ever, and presently they lifted Nicky clear off his feet and started up with him. Nicky held fast to the strings, kicking and struggling to keep his feet on the ground. The balloons lifted him right over the angry policeman, and as he passed, Nicky, still swinging his legs, kicked the policeman right in the jaw. Tiny enjoyed it greatly. The policeman was groggy. Nicky was away up in the air, and nobody could harm him. Tiny just stood and grinned. Nicky, still holding fast to his balloons, struggled so much that finally the strings all gave away with a snap, and he came tumbling down to the ground. And where did he fall but right on top of the angry policeman. Presently both Nicky and the Cop were able to sit up. They looked at each other, unable to understand what had befallen them. "My stars! What happened!" they asked each other. Nobody knew but Tiny, and he was running down the street laughing to himself.



Manitoba Pool's Annual Meeting

Twenty-five per cent of Manitoba's 1924 wheat crop marketed by pool at cost of 1.07c per bushel—Membership increased by 72 per cent during year

THE Manitoba Wheat Pool marketed 8,444,000 bushels of wheat in its first year of operation, at a cost of \$51,482; or .613 of a cent per bushel. To this sum there has to be added interest, insurance and storage charges by elevator companies which amounted to \$38,400, or .457 of a cent a bushel. These total charges work out at slightly over a cent per bushel, which is the total to be paid by pool shippers.

This information was given to the pool in the auditor's report at the second annual meeting held in Brandon, July 30-31, at which over 240 delegates attended.

In his remarks opening the meeting, President Burnell referred to the successful fights of the farmers in the past, and stated that the first year's operation of the pool had been one long fight, but the pool had won. There had been periods of great anxiety for the directors, owing to the violent fluctuations in the wheat market, and, he said, the pool had absolute proof that a determined effort had been made by certain interests to break the pool. When the market was breaking badly the directors of the central selling agency decided to step in, and, if possible, arrest the slump. The pools purchased May wheat, and immediately the price took a turn upward. The pool had insisted upon delivery of this wheat, and thus sustained May prices. At times, he said, when the prices were being pounded down, the pool was selling at many cents above the market price. This experience, however, had demonstrated that the pool should have a reserve sufficient to enable them to meet any emergency.

Steady Flow of New Contracts

The directors' report, which was read by President Burnell, stated that at the last annual meeting the pool had 7,586 members. It now had 13,014, representing 18,495 contracts. The pool had had delivered to it 8,444,000 bushels of wheat, or 21.12 per cent. of the wheat marketed in Manitoba. The report described the formation and constitution of the central selling agency for the three provincial pools, and it stated that shortly after commencing operations the pool had leased two small terminals at the head of the lakes, with a capacity of 780,000 bushels. Recently the pools had acquired the Davidson and Smith terminal, with a capacity of 1,750,000 bushels. The central selling agency had offices in Paris and New York, and at the present time the pools were exporting to 50 foreign ports.

During the year the directors had evolved an elevator policy, and had incorporated the Manitoba Pool Elevators Limited. The three pools had agreed to make the full deductions provided for in the contract to acquire elevators and establish a commercial reserve. If the deductions were made this year and next, the reserves, including the amount for the acquisition for elevators, would exceed \$4,000,000, and this would furnish a margin for the handling of 25,000,000 bushels of grain, and place the pools in an impregnable financial position.

On account of the numerous requests coming in from the farmers, the report said, the pool directors decided to take a plebiscite on the question of the formation of a coarse grain pool. The plebiscite was favorable, and the coarse grain pool was subsequently brought into operation. The policy with regard to the acquisition of line elevators was that members tributary to shipping points, where 10,000 acres or more had been signed up, could take steps to build, purchase or lease elevators. The pool would provide the elevator and the local would lease it at 7 per cent. interest on the investment, plus 10 per cent. for depreciation. Thus in 10 years the local would own the elevator.

During the year the pools and the

farmer companies had a number of conferences with regard to elevator arrangements, but the pool directors had decided that it was in the interest of the pool to have an arrangement with all the line elevators.

In connection with the new Canadian Grain Act, the report stated that the pool had come to an agreement with the Canadian Council of Agriculture on a number of amendments, but subsequently the Canadian Council of Agriculture abandoned support of three of the amendments, including the proposed amendment to give the farmer the right to determine the terminal elevator to which his grain was to be shipped.

The pool, the report concluded, was now on a solid foundation, "and the co-operative system of marketing wheat has been proven a sane and practical method of material benefit to the producer. All that remains now is to keep our 'eyes front,' and march steadily forward."

F. W. Ransom, presented the secretary's report, which dealt entirely with matters of organization.

Elevator Policy Endorsed

At the afternoon session, a long discussion took place on elevator policy, and it was ultimately moved that the shareholders endorse the position taken by the board of directors, that "the best contract possible be made with all line elevators until the pool owned its own handling facilities."

C. McLelland, of Melbourne, Australia, a member of the Victorian Wheat Pool, addressed the meeting, and gave a description of the method of handling wheat in Australia. He spoke enthusiastically of the pooling system, and stated that if they had not had wheat pools in Australia, 70 per cent. of the grain growers would have gone out of business. He was amazed, he said, at the low cost of operating the Manitoba pool, and he thought it was a cause for gratification to the members. The pools in Australia had also to contend with the opposition of the private grain trade, but the Victorian pool had made about \$10,000,000 in better returns to the Victorian growers. The Australian poolers, he said, were heartily in favor of working with the Canadian pools in the direction of orderly marketing.

The delegates assembled at 8 p.m. on Thursday to hear an address on

Continued on Page 25

Sweden's Masterpiece



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Prompt application of this powerful remedy, Gombault's Caustic Balsam, at the beginning of trouble, will keep your horses on the job.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam is imported from France, and made from highly concentrated oils, it has greater penetration than any liniment or ointment.

No more cautery or firing—Gombault's Caustic Balsam is as effective as a red hot iron and will not leave scar or blemish nor any soreness or stiffness. Hair returns to its natural color.

No equal for human use.

It scatters congestion and kills pain. The old reliable remedy for over forty years! Economical because of unequalled strength. \$2.00 a bottle at your druggist's—or sent direct on receipt of price. Try it. The Lawrence-Williams Company, Toronto, Ontario. Sole Distributors for Canada. 10

COMBAULT'S Caustic BALSAM

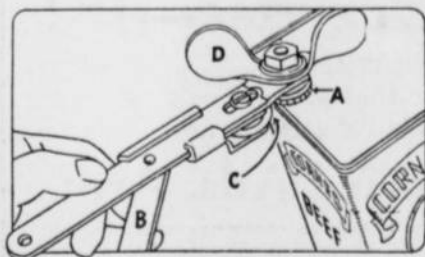
Shop with the crowd through our Classified Columns

JIFFY CAN OPENER

A New Invention

Safe—Quick—Durable

And Free for a Favor



DESCRIPTION

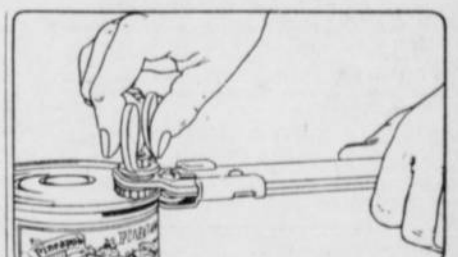
A Jiffy Can-Opener is a genuine high-quality tool. Made of pressed steel, 7½ inches long, has revolving cutting edge which can be resharpened. Very strongly made, but of simple construction. You don't get cut by a ragged edge. It has been tested by, and is endorsed by our Household Editors. A child can use it—a man can't break it.

If you are not more than satisfied—if you are not greatly pleased, we will return your money.

Opens Any Shape Can
Makes A Smooth Cut
Lasts A Lifetime

OUR JIFFY OFFER

Sent **FREE** and **POSTPAID** with your own or a neighbor's \$2.00 subscription for three years. New or renewal subscriptions accepted, but send in your order right away. With a one year's subscription send 50c extra, or \$1.50 in all.



HOW IT WORKS

As soon as you see the Jiffy Can-Opener, you'll appreciate its advantages. It cuts top off can just underneath rim and makes a clean, quick, smooth job. Works just like a pipe-cutting tool. Cog-wheel "A" fits inside rim—lever "B" forces revolving knife "C" through tin—turn key "D" to right like winding clock until top is entirely off. Cuts hardest tin easily. Is a great improvement on old-style cheap flimsy openers. Your wife or daughter would greatly appreciate one.

There's a Jiffy for Every Home

Do You Want One?

THE GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

MACHINERY and AUTOS

SELLING—22-36 SAWYER-MASSEY SEPARATOR, threshed only 40 days. Box 27, Liberty, Sask. 29-4

SELLING—JACKSON SHEAF LOADER AND carrier, very good condition, \$400 cash. J. Vanderbeck, Prud'homme, Sask. 29-4

FOR SALE OR TRADE—THRESHING OUTFIT, Case steamers, 28-80, Red River special separator, 36-56. Box 173, Dundurn, Sask. 30-2

FOR SALE—12-25 AVERY ENGINE, 22-36 RED River separator, complete with belts. 1341 Rose Street, Regina, Sask. 30-4

FOR SALE—CASE SIDE FAN BLOWER, 58 OR 64. Run 23 days. \$250 cash. J. Croft, Carleton Place, Ont. 30-4

28-44 ADVANCE-RUMELY SEPARATOR, WITH feeder, blower and high weigher, \$350. T. Thullen, Veteran, Alta. 30-2

FOR SALE—25-H.P. PORTABLE MANITOBA engine, overhauled, ready to thresh, snap, \$100. George Ross, Elgin, Man. 31-3

WILL SACRIFICE RUMELY OIL-PULL 30-60, Avery separator 36-60, stook loader. Clarence H. Church, Box 728, Moose Jaw, Sask. 31-6

SELLING—15-30 UNIVERSAL GAS ENGINE, grain grinder engine, binder hitch. John Spearman, Pilot Mound, Man. 31-6

LITTLE GIANT TRACTOR 16-22 H.P., LITTLE used. Must sacrifice. \$750. Terms. Burton, Huxley, Alta. 31-4

WANTED—40-INCH GARDEN CITY FEEDER, also tank pump and hose; lifting jack. Box 42, Hayter, Alta. 31-4

FOR SALE—BIG STEAM THRESHING OUTFIT, cheap, in fair order. Apply to Joe Casady, Camrose, Alta. 31-4

SELLING—BEAVER TRACTOR, 15-30, LITTLE used. C. Gately, Austin, Man. 31-4

SELLING—22-36 BEAVER TRACTOR—JACK Rapson, Pambrum, Sask. 31-3

FOR SALE—32-INCH GARDEN CITY FEEDER, almost new, \$100 cash. F. Dobinson, Atlee, Alta. 31-3

FOR SALE—22-INCH GRAIN SEPARATOR, A bargain. W. D. Walton, Raymond, Alta. 29-9

FOR SALE—25-HORSE REEVES, GOOD condition. Sacrifice. S. Swanson, Semans, Sask. 29-3

MISCELLANEOUS

AUTO AND TRACTOR RADIATORS

RADIATORS FOR FORDS—SOLD ON 60 DAYS' trial. 1917-23 models; Cartridge, \$27; Perfecto, flat tube, \$19. Cartridge radiators made for all makes of cars, trucks and tractors. Guarantee Sheet Metal Co., 562 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. 19-1

BEE and BEEKEEPERS' SUPPLIES

BEE WARE—FULL LINE OF BEEKEEPERS' supplies in stock. Price list on request. Steele, Briggs Seed Co. Limited, Regina and Winnipeg. 10-13

ANDREWS & SON, BEEKEEPERS' EQUIP-ment on hand at all times. Catalog and price list on request. Corner Victor and Portage, Winnipeg, Man. 10-13

BEARINGS REBABBITED

AUTO, TRACTOR AND GENERAL MACHINE bearings rebabbited. Manitoba Bearing Works, 152 Notre Dame, Winnipeg. 19-1

CHIROPODY

ARE YOUR FEET SORE? WHY SUFFER? You may have immediate relief. All foot troubles from corns to fallen arches scientifically treated. Dr. B. A. Lennox, 334 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg. 19-1

COAL

COAL—GOOD FOR BOILERS OR KITCHEN. Write New Walker Mine, Sheerness, Alta. 19-1

CYLINDER GRINDING

WE REGRIND AUTOMOBILE AND TRACTOR cylinders on a Heald cylinder grinder. We also grind crankshafts on a Landis crankshaft grinder. This is the best equipment that money can buy, and we guarantee all our work. Riverside Iron Works Ltd., Calgary, Alta. 19-1

CYLINDER GRINDING, PISTONS, REPAIRS, autos, trucks, tractors. Thornton Machine Co., 62 Princess, Winnipeg. 19-1

CYLINDER GRINDING, TRACTOR, AUTO, engine, crankshafts, welding. Pritchard Engineering Co. Ltd., 259 Fort Street, Winnipeg. 19-1

CYLINDER REBORING, OVERSIZE PISTONS and step-cut rings. General repairs. Romans Machine and Repair Co., Moose Jaw, Sask. 22-9

DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY

WINNIPEG DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY School. Established 1900. 78 Donald Street, Winnipeg. 19-1

DYERS AND CLEANERS

OLD AND FADED GARMENTS REPAIRED AND renewed. Rugs and housefurnishings renovated. Furs stored, remodelled and refined. Arthur Rose Ltd., Regina and Saskatoon, Sask. 19-1

DUBOIS LIMITED, WINNIPEG. FEATHERS, fancy dyeing, dry cleaning our specialties. "Mail orders receive prompt attention." 276 Hargrave Street. 19-1

FRUIT

BLUEBERRIES! DIRECT TO YOU. ABSOLUTE-ly clean and dry, \$2.00 15 pounds net basket, f.o.b. Guerne. Remit with order to Farmers' Co-operative Club Ltd., Waldhof, Ont. 26-7

APPLES, PLUMS, GREENGAGES, \$1.50 crate; blackberries, \$2.00. Order quickly. Prices of other fruits free. Highland Farm, Mission, B.C. 31-2

GENERAL MISCELLANEOUS

RUBBER HALF - SOLES CAN BE PUT ON leather shoes, overshoes or rubbers at home in a few minutes. Men's large, medium and small sizes, 75c. pair; youths', ladies' and child's sizes, 70c. pair. With cement and instructions. Postpaid anywhere in Canada. Wood Agency, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. Send Money Order or Postal Note. 19-1

BETTER BREAD—HO-MAYDE BREAD IM-proved, acts like magic on yeast, makes sweeter and more wholesome loaf. A boon to home-baking. Send 15c. for packet to C. & J. Jones, Lombard Street, Winnipeg. 19-1

VARICOSE ULCERS, RUNNING SORES, EC-zema cured by Nurse Dencker, 610 1/2 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. Easy self-treatment. Also by mail. Patients can work as usual. Many testimonials. 19-1

HAIR GOODS

SEND US YOUR COMBINGS. WE MAKE them into handsome switches at 75c. per ca. Postage 10c. extra. New York Hair Store, 301 Kensington Building, Winnipeg. 19-1

MISCELLANEOUS**LIGHTING**

TURN YOUR COOK STOVE INTO A GAS range. The Arto-Kerro kerosene vaporizer does the trick. Hundreds used. Practical and reliable. Absolutely guaranteed. Write now. Arto Lite Co. Ltd., Moose Jaw, Sask. 19-1

LUMBER, FENCE POSTS, ETC.

CORWOOD, CEDAR AND TAMARAC FENCE posts, willow pickets, spruce poles, slabs. Write for delivered prices. The Northern Cartage Company, Prince Albert, Sask. 19-1

LUMBER, CORWOOD AND FENCE POSTS, tamarac, cedar and willow posts, poles and slabs. Write for delivered prices. Enterprise Lumber Company, Edmonton, Alta. 19-1

MONEY ORDERS

WHEN REMITTING BUY MONEY ORDERS

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**

BAND INSTRUMENTS, VIOLINS, CORNETS, saxophones, mandolins, banjos, guitars. Send for our catalogue and bargain list of used band instruments. The R. S. Williams & Sons Co. Ltd., 421 McDermot Avenue, Winnipeg. 18-9

PHONOGRAPHS REPAIRED, COUNTRY orders specialty. Jones and Cross, Edmonton. 19-1

SCHOOL VANS

WE MANUFACTURE SCHOOL VANS AND sell direct to school boards. The Lanrie Waggon Co., Winnipeg. 19-1

SITUATIONS VACANT

HOW many dollars per week do you want to earn? Here is a question almost every man can answer, but very few know how to go and get it. We have a plan whereby you can reach this goal—not by gambling or speculating, but a sound and practical plan that calls for hard work, perseverance and the go-get-it grit that is backed up with a will to win. If you are looking for an easy job, don't answer this ad. We want men of integrity, who are willing to fight their way to success. Hundreds of men in Canada are successfully handling our proposition. No money required. We furnish you a complete selling outfit, featuring ready-made and made-to-measure clothing for the whole family, backed up with high quality merchandise, low prices, prompt service and our money-back guarantee. You can make every home in your district a permanent customer. Write today for full details to:

GENERAL SALES SUPERVISOR
P.O. BOX 772, MONTREAL, CANADA

THE J.R. WATKINS COMPANY

have a number of good territories now open for energetic and intelligent men to

RETAIL WATKINS' QUALITY PRODUCTS

Now is the time to get ready for fall business. Experience unnecessary. Surety required.

For full particulars write

THE J. R. WATKINS CO., Dept. G, Winnipeg

SALESMEN—EVERY FARMER IS A PROSPECT for groceries and lubricating oils. Our high grade groceries, lubricating oils and paints build repeat business. Vacant territories in northern Manitoba, northern and south-west Saskatchewan and northern Alberta. Newgard-McDonald Co., Wholesale Grocers, 111 Princess Street, Winnipeg. 30-3

SALESMEN WANTED FOR CANADA'S GREAT-est Nurseries. Large list of hardy stock recommended by Western Government Experimental Stations. Highest commissions, exclusive territory. Handsome free outfit. Stone and Wellington, Toronto. 31-5

MISCELLANEOUS**SEWING MACHINES AND REPAIRS**

REBUILT SEWING MACHINES, \$10 UP. FREE list. Guaranteed repairing. Parts for all makes. Dominion Sewing Machine Company, 300 Notre Dame, Winnipeg. 19-1

SOLICITORS PATENT, LEGAL AND FINANCIAL

FETHERSTONHAUGH & CO., THE OLD established firm. Patents everywhere. Head office, Royal Bank Building, Toronto; Ottawa office, 5 Elgin Street. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free. 19-1

BARR, STEWART, JOHNSTON AND CUMMING, barristers, solicitors, notaries. General solicitors for Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association, 1819 Cornwall Street, Regina, Sask. 19-1

HUDSON, ORMOND, SPICE & SYMINGTON, barristers, solicitors, etc., 303-7 Merchants Bank Building, Winnipeg, Man. 19-1

PATENTS—EGERTON R. CASE, 36 TORONTO Street, Toronto. Canadian, foreign. Booklets free. 19-1

STOCKS AND BONDS

DOMINION, PROVINCIAL, MUNICIPAL bonds. We will gladly furnish quotations and full information. Oldfield, Kirby and Gardner, 234 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. Established 1881. 19-1

TAXIDERMISTRY

E. W. DARBEY, TAXIDERMIST, 334 MAIN Street, Winnipeg. 19-26

WESTERN TAXIDERMIST, 229 MAIN STREET, Winnipeg. 19-5

TOBACCO

CANADIAN LEAF—EXTRA FINE QUALITY, Petit Havana, Grand Havana, Petit Rouge, Grand Rouge. Special Price for five pounds, \$2.25. Spread Leaf, \$2.50. Postpaid. L. Callisano & Figg Co. Ltd., Graham and Vaughan, Winnipeg. 19-1

FIVE POUNDS ASSORTED, ROUGE HAVANA, Petit Rouge, Petit Havana for \$2.25. Postpaid. Lalonde & Co., 201 Dollard Blvd., St. Boniface, Man. 30-12

THRESHING BELTS

BELTS SPICED—NO RIVETS OR STITCHES. Guaranteed to stand. Wilson's Regina Tire and Repair Shop, 1709 Searth Street, Regina, Sask. 19-1

BELTS REPAIRED AND SPICED—VULCAN-izing process only. Real service. Curtis Tire Service, 490 Portage, Winnipeg. 31-5

THRESHING WANTED

WANTED—GOOD THRESHING ROUTE, SAS-katchewan or Alberta. Large outfit, full equipment. Box 294, Indian Head, Sask. 28-5

PRODUCE**LIVE POULTRY WANTED**

HENS 6 lbs. and over, 18-20c; 5-6 lbs., 16-17c; 4-5 lbs., 15c

Broilers, 2 1/2 lbs. and over 23-25c

All prices f.o.b. Winnipeg, guaranteed until August 15. Write for crates if required.

RELIABLE PRODUCE CO.

317 STELLA AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN.

LIVE POULTRY WANTED

The market remains firm. There has been very little price fluctuation for several weeks. Demand is a little above normal. For prompt service and price you'll make no mistake by shipping to us.

Prices f.o.b. Winnipeg

FOWL over 6 lbs., 18c; 5-6 lbs., 15-16c; 4-5 lbs., 14c

Roosters 14c

Turkeys, in good condition 14-15c

Old Toms 12c

Broilers—Best Market Price

Ducks—We advise hold for later market.

Prompt payments. Crates on request.

STANDARD PRODUCE CO.

45 CHARLES ST., WINNIPEG, MAN.

LIVE POULTRY WANTED

Ship us your Broilers and receive highest market price.

Hens, over 6 lbs.	17-18c
Hens, 5-6 lbs.	14-15c; 4-5 lbs. 12-13c
Young Roosters	12c
Hen Turkeys, in good condition, 14-15c; Toms, 12c	

Prices f.o.b. Winnipeg. Crates on request. Dorfman Produce Co., 124 Robinson St., Winnipeg

Manitoba Pool's Annual Meeting

Continued from Page 23

Co-operative Marketing, by R. A. Hoey, M.P. The pools, Mr. Hoey said, were Canada's greatest contribution to the cause of the world's co-operative democracy. Their success rested wholly with the kind of men that were selected to control them, and their continuance depended upon the resolution with which the responsibility was accepted for educating the people into co-operative principles. The founders of the pools would in the future be accorded the reverence which the British co-operators accorded the Rochdale pioneers.

Election of Officers

Ratification of bylaws was the first business coming before the meeting on the second day. All of the bylaws passed by the directors during the year were ratified and a resolution was passed ratifying the actions of the board of directors during the past year. Election of officers was next on the agenda, and this according to the charter was by districts. With one exception all the members of the old board were re-elected, the exception being in District 5, where C. S. Stevenson, of Shoal Lake, was elected in the place of J. A. Carlson.

Discussion of the auditor's report took place at the afternoon session, and after a number of questions had been asked and satisfactorily answered, the report was adopted unanimously.

A large number of resolutions came before the meeting from the locals and another resolution endorsing the elevator policy of the board of directors was passed after R. M. Mahoney, manager of the pool, had explained the procedure by which local groups could acquire an elevator.

The meeting, after a lengthy discussion, adopted the resolution declaring "that no director of the Manitoba Wheat Pool can, while serving on the pool directorate, at the same time be a member of the provincial legislature, the federal parliament of Canada, or of the central or provincial board of directors of the U.F.M. or Farmers' Union of Canada, or of any other similar body or organization to which this resolution may hereafter be applied by this company." This resolution is to apply to the elections of officials at next year's meeting.

For educational purposes the meeting voted that one-twentieth of a cent per bushel be appropriated and set aside, and it also voted that three prizes of \$75 each, be established for the best essays on Co-operation, by rural, high school students, students in Manitoba University and school teachers. A resolution that the president and vice-president be elected by the annual meeting, and that the directorate be increased to nine was accepted as notice of motion for next year's meeting. A number of resolutions dealing with matters of administration were referred to the board of directors, and the meeting closed with a vote of appreciation of the excellent manner in which the executive had handled the business of the pool, and a vote of thanks to the mayor and the city of Brandon, for facilities placed at the disposal of the pool for the meeting.

The board of directors for 1925-26, is as follows: District 1, R. F. Chapman, Ninga; District 2, W. G. Weir, Rosebank; District 3, C. H. Burnell, Oakville; District 4, W. G. A. Gourley, Dauphin; District 5, C. S. Stevenson, Shoal Lake; District 6, A. J. M. Poole, Kelwood; District 7, S. Gellie, Harmsworth.

Immediately after the meeting closed, the board of directors met and re-elected C. H. Burnell, as president, and R. F. Chapman, as vice-president. These with S. Gellie, constitute the executive and Manitoba's representatives on the board of the central selling agency.

The Cheerful Plowman

By J. Edw. Tuft

**Restricted Youth Turned Loose**

I often watch the frisking colt when he is loosed from tow, I watch him leap, and kick, and run, and somersault and go. It seems to me he has such stores of pep caged up inside that he would like to free himself from out his very hide, for tethered long with rope and stake, in small restricted sphere, when loosed he feels unduly free and far too wild, I fear. He does not halt until he's tired and learned it doesn't pay for him to dash himself about in that unsightly way.

Now, what I'm driving at is this: I've seen some lads go wrong, some youngsters full of life and pep, and full of youth, and strong. I've seen such youngsters held in tow by dads and mothers, too, I've seen them tethered to the tasks that they were told to do. I've seen such youngsters break from leash, and then—O shades below—all they could do was leap, and race, and somersault and go! Why, free at last from rope and stake. "Hurray!" they shout, "Hurray! Just watch us kick and raise the dust! Oldtimers, clear the way!" They do not stop till they are tired and learn in sweat at last that they have wasted strength and pep by racing wild and fast!

A colt that's given room to romp, with fences, too, of course, is seldom moved to somersaults by wild, restricted force; and so, I often think the lad if given space to play, with fences 'round the space, of course, in sane and normal way, is not so apt to frisk, and kick with random leap and lope, as is the lad who dad and ma have tethered with a rope!

What Your Pool is Doing

To the Farmers of Western Canada:

The Interprovincial Wheat Pool has put an end to the old, foolish system of dumping wheat at the buyer's price. It is opening up a new era for farming by substituting co-operation for competition in selling the products of the farm. It is helping every farmer who grows wheat, although contract holders profit the most.

Through the Pool the farmers of Western Canada for the first time are handling their grain from the farm through the elevator and across the loading platforms and on to the mills that grind it without their wheat passing through the hands of middlemen.

Attempts to smash the Pool by hammering wheat down below the price which contract holders have already received, recoiled upon the heads of those who conceived the plan. The Pool stood between those who would beat down the price below the cost of production and the contract holders. Not one bushel of grain was sold by the Pool on the demoralized market, although many stories were circulated that the Pool had been forced to sell millions. It was the speculators, amongst them farmers, and not the Pool members who were hurt by the big slump.

The Pool has been extending its selling agency connections to the point where the great bulk of export grain sold since 1925, by the Pool, has been sold direct to buyers abroad.

The larger the proportion of the crop which your Pool has to sell, the better the results will be for every contract holder. Every wheat farmer in Western Canada has been helped by the Pool. Thousands who sat on the fence last year have signed contracts, but there are many farmers who have been helped by the Pool without helping it, and themselves, by becoming a member of the Pool organization.

YOUR POOL IS WORKING FOR YOU THE WHOLE YEAR ROUND. WORK A FEW HOURS FOR THE POOL SO THAT THE POOL MAY CONTROL TWO-THIRDS INSTEAD OF HALF OF THE CROP.

The Interprovincial Wheat Pool

Ship Your Grain to UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD

Bank of Hamilton Chambers,
Winnipeg

Lougheed Building,
Calgary

GET THE FULLEST POSSIBLE PROTECTION

Women's Clubs Activities

\$40 — in Prizes for Letters — \$40

Each year both men's and women's organizations are accomplishing remarkably interesting and worth-while things in the way of study, social times and community projects. Too many local societies are over modest and hide the light of their good work under a bushel. They do not realize that a recital of what they have done might prove inspirational to others who have never been seized with the inspiration to do things or who have let themselves become discouraged with the monotony and routine of everyday living.

The Guide is offering prizes for the best letters telling something about club activities. Those listed this week will make a special appeal to women. The date of the closing of the contest has been extended to August 25. Come along now and tell us of some of the good things you have done through a local organization. For the best letters on the following subjects we will pay \$5.00, for the second, \$3.00 and for the third, \$2.00.

1. The Best History of a Women's

Club—The story of what has been actually done. Make it as brief as possible.

2. The Best Piece of Work Our Club Has Done—What is the individual achievement that stands out in the work of your local organization?

3. What a Women's Club Has Meant to Me—What has it meant to you in the way of friendship, social contact with other women, intellectual enjoyment and practical benefit in everyday living?

4. How we Secured a Library in Our Community—How did you interest the people of your neighborhood in good reading and then how did you set about seeing that there was a good supply of books available for them?

All letters should be addressed to the Women's Department, The Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg.

LIVERPOOL PRICES

Liverpool market closed July 31 as follows: October, 1½d higher at 10s 9½d; December, 1d higher at 10s 5½d per 100 pounds. Exchange, Canadian funds quoted at lower, at \$4.83½. Worked out into bushels and Canadian currency, Liverpool close was: October, \$1.55½; December, \$1.51½.

THE FARMERS' MARKET

Office of the United Grain Growers Limited, Winnipeg, Man., July 31, 1925.
WHEAT—The market closed today at the low point for the week. Fluctuations throughout the week have been comparatively narrow, especially on new crop months. The July futures declined several cents today, but even yet our No. 1 Northern is quoted at a premium of 21 cents over October price. On Tuesday some strength developed on reports of damage by heavy rains to the crops in France and other parts of Europe. However, this strength was not maintained, as there has been a lack of buying interest. At present importing countries are able to draw on their own crops, which are quite good, and naturally they prefer to wait in hopes of buying their import needs cheaper. Coarse grains have also been lacking in feature. Barley has been in good demand, and prices have advanced moderately. Stocks are being reduced, and indications are that new crop movement of barley will be early and will meet a good demand.

Cash Prices at Fort William and Port Arthur July 27 to August 1, inclusive

Date	2 CW	3 CW	OATS Ex Fd	1 Fd	2 Fd	3 CW	4 CW	Rej.	Fd	1 NW	2 CW	3 CW	RYE 2 CW
July 27	54½	49½	49½	47½	44½	87	82½	78½	78	225	221	199½	93
28	55½	50½	50½	48½	45½	89	85½	80½	80½	226	222	192½	94½
29	55½	50½	50½	48½	45½	89	85½	80½	80½	226	222	193½	93½
30	55½	50½	50½	48½	45½	89	85½	80½	80½	227	223	195½	95
31	54½	49½	49½	47½	44½	85½	81½	79½	79	224½	220½	196½	92
Aug. 1	54½	49½	49½	47½	44½	86	82	79	79½	229½	224½	201½	93½
Week Ago	56	51	51	49	45½	86½	82½	80	78½	227½	223½	194	94
Year Ago	54½	52½	52½	51½	49½	88½	84½	81½	80½	232	228	206	91½

WINNIPEG FUTURES

July 27 to August 1, inclusive.	27	28	29	30	31	Ang.	Week	Year
Wheat—						1	Ago	Ago
July 16½	163½	162½	161½	157			162	138½
Oct. 136½	139½	138½	137½	136	138½	137½	137½	133½
Dec. 133½	136½	135½	134½	133	135½	134	137½	
Oats—								
July 52½	53½	53½	53½	53			54	54½
Oct. 48½	49½	48½	48½	47½	48½	48½	48½	52
Dec. 45½	46½	46½	45½	45½	45½	46	55½	
Barley—								
July 87	89½	89	89½	88			86½	82½
Oct. 75½	77½	77	77½	76½	77	75½	78½	
Dec.	81	
Flax—								
July 225	226	226	227	226			227½	223
Oct. 221½	222½	223½	225½	226½	231½	224	216½	
Dec. 214	216	214½	218	219	222½	217½	223½	
Rye—								
July 93	94½	93½	95	94½			94	93½
Oct. 94	96½	95½	95	94	95½	95	92½	
Dec. 94	96½	95½	95½	95½	96	95½	96½	

CASH WHEAT

July 27 to August 1, inclusive.

July	27	28	29	30	31	Aug.	Week	Year
						1	Ago	Ago
1 N ..	161½	163½	162½	161½	157	159½	162	151
2 N ..	159½	161½	160½	158½	154½	157	159½	144
3 N ..	153½	155½	154½	153½	149	151	154	142
4 ..	143½	145½	145½	143½	148	142	144½	133½
5 ..	118½	121½	121½	120½	118	120	119	125
6 ..	101½	104½	103½	102½	101	103	102½	113
Feed	89½	88½	87½	86	88½	..	103

MINNEAPOLIS CASH PRICES

Spring wheat—No. 1 dark northern, \$1.56½ to \$1.77½; No. 1 northern, \$1.55½ to \$1.60½; No. 2 dark northern, \$1.54½ to \$1.74½; No. 2 northern, \$1.53½ to \$1.58½; No. 3 dark northern, \$1.52½ to \$1.71½; No. 3 northern, \$1.51½ to \$1.55½. Winter wheat—Montana No. 1 dark hard, \$1.58½ to \$1.70½; No. 1 hard, \$1.56½ to \$1.62½. Minnesota and South Dakota No. 1 dark hard, \$1.55½ to \$1.59½; No. 1 hard, \$1.53½ to \$1.57½. Durum wheat—No. 1 amber, \$1.40½ to \$1.50½; No. 1 durum, \$1.33½ to \$1.44½; No. 2 amber, \$1.36½ to \$1.49½; No. 2 durum, \$1.32½ to \$1.42½; No. 3 amber, \$1.33½ to \$1.46½; No. 3 durum, \$1.30½ to \$1.40½. Corn—No. 3 yellow, \$1.03½ to \$1.04½; No. 4 yellow, \$1.02½ to \$1.03½; No. 3 mixed, 98½c to \$1.00½; No. 4 mixed, 96½c to 98½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 39½c to 40½c; No. 3 white, 38½c to 39½c; No. 4 white, 36½c to 37½c. Barley—Choice to fancy, 80c to 82c; medium to good, 74c to 79c; lower grades, 68c to 73c. Rye—No. 2, 94½c to 95½c. Flax—No. 1 flaxseed, \$2.49½ to \$2.51½.

CALGARY

Sales consisted of 1,840 cattle, 227 calves, 3,097 hogs and 20 sheep. The cattle market was fully steady with last week's close on all the better grades. Too many unfinshed females were included in the arrivals.

The stocker and feeder demand was moderate and prices continued steady. Good to choice steers made from \$5.50 to \$6.25, with a few tops at \$6.50. Heifers ranged from \$3.50 to \$4.50 and cows from \$2.75 to \$3.50. Feeders were active from \$3.50 to \$4.50, and stockers from \$3.25 to \$4.00. The hog market advanced 15c per cwt. Thick smooths opened \$12.85 and closed at \$13, off cars. Milk fed lambs sold from \$11.50 to \$12.50, ewes from \$7.00 to \$7.50, and yearlings at \$10.50. The weather conditions are slightly improved. Hot dry winds have seemingly broken, average yield wheat is now estimated around 15 bushels.

WINNIPEG LIVESTOCK

United Livestock Growers Limited report as follows for the week ending July 31, 1925:

Receipts this week: Cattle, 5,764; hogs, 5,148; sheep, 379. Last week: Cattle, 5,132; hogs, 5,058; sheep, 322.

With receipts of cattle coming forward in fairly large numbers the market for the former part of the week was a good 25c higher, but has lost most of its recent advance, and if the run is very heavy we look for further price concessions next week with the exception of really well-finished butcher cattle. With the Southern market showing a brisk enquiry for good to choice stockers and feeders cattle of this class are beginning to be in demand. There are very few dry fed cattle coming forward and all quotations are for grass cattle.

The hog market continues to show a strong undertone with thick smooths selling at \$13 per cwt., but if receipts are very heavy we do not look for the market to hold at this figure.

Sheep and lambs continue to come forward in very small quantities and prices are holding steady at from \$12 to \$13 for choice lambs and from \$5.00 to \$7.00 for sheep.

Shippers from Saskatchewan and Alberta should bring health certificates covering their cattle. This is very important.

The following summary shows the prevailing prices at present:

Choice export steers	\$6.00 to \$6.50
Prime butcher steers	5.50 to 6.00
Good to choice steers	5.00 to 5.50
Medium to good steers	4.00 to 4.50
Common steers	2.50 to 3.00
Choice feeder steers, fleshy	4.25 to 4.75
Medium feeders	3.00 to 3.75
Common feeder steers	2.00 to 2.50
Good stocker steers	3.25 to 3.75
Medium stockers	2.50 to 3.00
Common stockers	2.00 to 2.25
Choice butcher heifers	5.00 to 5.25
Fair to good heifers	3.50 to 4.25
Medium heifers	3.00 to 3.50
Stock heifers	2.25 to 2.75
Choice butcher cows	3.25 to 3.50
Fair to good cows	2.50 to 3.00
Cutter cows	1.75 to 2.25
Breedy stock cows	1.00 to 1.25
Canner cows75 to 1.25
Choice springers	5.00 to 6.00
Common springers	2.00 to 2.50
Choice light veal calves	7.00 to 7.50
Choice heavy calves	4.00 to 4.50
Common calves	2.00 to 3.00
Heavy bull calves	2.50 to 3.00

EGGS AND POULTRY

WINNIPEG—Eggs: Firm. Receipts light, quality poor. Dealers quoting, extras 31c, firsts 29c, seconds 24c, cases returned. Winnipeg firms offering car firsts 32c, seconds 28½c, f.o.b. Winnipeg. Poultry: Some broilers arriving, dealers offering 20c to 23c, delivered, fowl 12c to 17c.

CALGARY—Eggs: Receipts light, quality fair. Dealers quoting delivered, extras 32c, firsts 28c, seconds 24c. Poultry: No business reported.

REGINA, SASKATOON AND MOOSE JAW—Eggs: Market unchanged. Receipts very light. Dealers quoting, delivered, extras 30c, firsts 28c, seconds 23c. Poultry: Some broilers arriving, dealers offering 15c, fowl 8c to 12c, delivered. Northern Saskatchewan points paying 13c to 15c, fowl live weight.

EDMONTON—Eggs: Market firm. Receipts gradually falling off. Dealers quoting country shippers delivered, extras 30c, firsts 26c, seconds 18c to 21c. Jobbing, extras 38c to 40c, firsts 34c to 36c, seconds 30c. Poultry: Few broilers and fowl arriving, prevailing price, light weight broilers 20c, fowl 13c.

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The Blind Man's Eyes

Continued from Page 18

Eaton followed, as the tracks led through the woods. The men had gone very slowly, carrying this heavy weight; they had been travelling, as he himself had travelled, in the dark, afraid to show a light and avoiding chance of being seen by any one on the roads. They had been as uncertain of their road as he had been of his, but the general trend of their travel was toward the east, and this evidently was the direction in which they wished to go. They had stopped frequently to rest and had laid their burden down. Then suddenly he came to a place where plainly a halt had been made.

The ground was trampled around this spot; when the tracks went on they were changed in character. The two men were still carrying the third—a heavy man whose weight strained them and made their feet sink in deeply where the ground was soft. But now they were not careful how they carried him, but went forward merely as though bearing a dead weight. Now, too, no more stains appeared on the brown leaves where they had passed; their burden no longer bled. Eaton, realizing what this meant, felt neither exultation nor surprise. He had known that the man they carried, though evidently alive when taken from the car, was dying. But now he watched the tracks more closely even than before, looking for them to show him where the men had got rid of their burden.

It had grown easier to follow the tracks with the increase of the light, but the danger that he would be seen had also grown greater. He was obliged to keep to the hollows; twice, when he ventured on to the higher ground, he saw motor cars passing at a distance, but near enough so that those in them could have seen him if they had been looking his way. Once he saw at the edge of the woods a little group of armed men. His dizziness and weakness from the loss of blood was increasing; he became confused at times and lost the tracks. He went forward slowly then, examining each clump of bushes, each heap of dead leaves, to see whether the men had hidden in them that of which he was in search; but always when he found the tracks again their character showed him that the men were still carrying their burden. These tracks seemed fresher now; in spite of his weakness he was advancing much faster than the others had been able to do in the darkness and heavily laden. As near as he could tell, the men had passed just before dawn. Suddenly he came upon the pike which ran parallel to the line of the lake, some hundred yards back from the shore.

He shrank back, throwing himself upon his face in the bushes, the men evidently had crossed this pike. Full day had come, and as Eaton peered out and up and down the road, he saw no one; this road appeared unguarded. Eaton, assured no one was in sight, leaped up and crossed the road. As he reached its further side, a boy carrying a fishpole appeared suddenly from behind some bushes. He stared at Eaton; then, terrified by Eaton's appearance, he dropped the fishpole and fled screaming up the road. Eaton stared dazedly after him for a fraction of an instant, then plunged into the cover. He found the tracks again, and followed them dizzily.

But the boy had given the alarm. Eaton heard the whirring of motors on the road and men shouting to one another; then he heard them beating through the bushes. The noise was at some distance; evidently the boy in his fright and confusion had not directed the men to the exact spot where Eaton had entered the woods or they in their excitement had failed to understand him. But the sounds were drawing nearer. Eaton, exhausted and dizzy, followed feverishly the footmarks on the ground. It could not be far now—the men could not have carried their burden much farther than this. They must have hidden it somewhere near here. He would find it near by—must find it before these others found him. But now he could see men moving among the tree-trunks. He threw himself down among some bushes, burrow-



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ing into the dead leaves. The men passed him, one so close that Eaton could have thrown a twig and hit him. Eaton could not understand why the man did not see him, but he did not; the man stopped an instant studying the footmarks imprinted in the earth; evidently they had no significance for him, for he went on.

When the searchers had passed out of sight, Eaton sprang up and followed the tracks again. They were distinct here, plainly printed, and he followed easily. He could hear men all about him, out of sight but calling to one another in the woods. All at once he recoiled, throwing himself down again upon the ground. The clump of bushes hiding him ended abruptly only a few yards away; through their bare twigs, but far below him, the sunlight twinkled, mockingly, at him from the surface of water. It was the lake!

Eaton crept forward to the edge of the steep bluff, following the tracks. He peered over the edge. The tracks did not stop at the edge of the bluff; they went on down it. The steep sandy precipice was scarred where the men, still bearing their burden, had slipped and scrambled down it. The marks crossed the shingle sixty feet below; they were deeply printed in the wet sand down to the water's very edge. There they stopped.

Eaton had not expected this. He stared, worn out and with his senses in confusion, and overcome by his physical weakness. The sunlit water only seemed to mock and laugh at him—blue, rippling under the breeze and bearing no trail. It was quite plain what had occurred; the wet sand below was trampled by the feet of three or four men and cut by a boat's bow. They had taken the body away with them

in the boat. To sink it somewhere weighted with heavy stones in the deep water? Or had it been carried away on that small, swift vessel Eaton had seen from Santoine's lawn? In either case, Eaton's search was hopeless now.

But it could not be so; it must not be so! Eaton's eyes searched feverishly the shore and the lake. But there was nothing in sight upon either. He crept back from the edge of the bluff, hiding beside a fallen log banked with dead leaves. What was it he had said to Harriet? "I will come back to you—as you have never known me before!" He rehearsed the words in mockery. How would he return to her now! As he moved, a fierce, hot pain from the clotted wound in his shoulder shot him through and through with agony and the silence and darkness of unconsciousness overwhelmed him.

(To be continued next week.)



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